

T H E
H U M O U R I S T.

*Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plus
quæ legis.* MART. Epig. 17. l. 1.

*Regula, peccatis quæ pœnas irroget æquas:
Ne scuticâ dignum horribili sectere flagello.*
HOR. Sat. 3. lib. 1. v. 117.



L O N D O N:
Printed for J. COOTE, in *Pater-noster Row*
MDCCLXIII.

THE REV. H. M. O. U. B. I. S. T.
of the most high, mighty, and glorious
God, Father of all Mercies

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And although we may like the Mosaic
of Jacob, to seldom see, to your ex
pedient and reverent Admirer, the
on Day, sacred to the Gods, when the
Printed for J. G. & A. in Cambridge.

MDCCCLXII.



*To the most high, mighty, puissant, om-
niscient, cognoscitive and illustrious
Deciders of Common Sense,*

*The REVIEWERS of Great
Britain and Ireland.*

Monthly and Critical SIRS,

PERMIT us, the Authors of the
following Work, with our Hearts
full of Expectations, and unfeigned
Wishes for your Prosperity, and our
own Success, to approach the Shadow
of your mystical Thrones, whence De-
terminations issue, and Opinions tran-
spire, from which there is no Appeal:
And although, ye may like the Moguls
of *Indostan*, be seldom seen, to your ex-
pecting and reverencing Admirers, but
on Days sacred to the Gods; when *only*
A 2 with

D E D I C A T I O N.

with Safety you may tread the *Asphodelian* Plains, and *Amaranthine* Shades; when *dauntless* you may view the purling and meandering Streams of oozy *Thames*, nor fear the gentle Rap of the intruding Visitant; or, enveloped in ~~Smoke~~ and Cobwebs, like the Sacrifices of Antiquity, indulge the Rotations of your indigestive Conceptions, and raise your own *Parnassus*: Vouchsafe, immortal Bards, to let our Sighs and earnest Supplications, like the gentle Gales of the desiring Zephyr, transpire through the broken Panes of your *gabaizonian Palaces*; that so ye may vouchsafe, from your wonted Humanity, Protection of Wisdom, Admiration of Virtue, Encouragement of true Wit, and as the literary Heralds of the current common Sense of these Kingdoms, to incline your auricular Faculties to the atomical and reptilial Request of your humble Supplicators.



WE,

DEDICATION.

WE, truly sensible of our great Abilities, refined Understanding, sound Judgment, Knowledge of Mankind, Judgment of Manners, and true Sense of our own profound Erudition, have, for the Benefit of the World, the Improvement of Knowledge, the Refinement of Morals, the Encouragement of Virtue, and Defence of the Fair,—composed the following Work; the truly virgin Sheets of our own Conceptions, Conceptions entirely new; and such as we are confident would enter the Heads of no mortal Creatures besides our own; But our innate Emulation of Glory, our Thirst of Reputation, and Desire of appearing in literary Life as the Standard of the present essential, enigmatical, mystical and unclassical Productions, is the true and ingenuous Reason of throwing ourselves before your incomprehensible Comprehensibility; emboldened and excited at
the

DEDICATION.

the same Time by the spontaneous and indigested literary Productions ye still deign to protect.

MAY ye, from the *Alpha* and *Omega* of our Work, extract that Refinement of Sentiment, and Justness of Thought, which the partial World may perhaps refuse to allow: May your Recommendations give that Sanction to our Undertaking we think it deserves; nor let the Eminence of the Authors, nor Elegance of the Work, raise the Gall of your Pens, to prove yourselves remorseless *Anthones* to your reverencing and typographical *Cicero's*, by throwing us under the Severity of your Postscriptions, and *damn us with a Spot*; but may our infantine and yet fresh exposed Posteriors escape the acrimonious Corrosions of your Flagittations; so that the Crepusculum of our Genius may not be contaminated by the excrementitious Particles of your critical Annotations.

Periturae

DEDICATION

Periturae parcite Chartae.

NOTHING, most respectable Knights, Esquires and Gentlemen, can give us greater Satisfaction, nor a higher Proof of our Similitudes of Understanding, Wisdom and Judgment, than your condescending to comply with our Sollicitations; and though fearful and trembling for the Sale of this our first Impression, yet if ye will deign to mark it with your Seal of common Sense, so that gilded with your Sanction, it may dazzle the Understanding of that Part of Mankind who look with Reverence on all Opinions that flow through your enigmatical Channel; then shall we truly rejoice in our Retreat, secure in your Protection; then shall our Hearts, overflowing with Gratitude, see *Wisdom*, with enquiring Eyes, ask for a Volume of the HUMOURIST; and elated, read the many learned Commentations ye shall bestow, in your Quotations

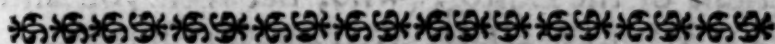
DEDICATION.

ations from this Work in your next Monthly Publication. Then transported shall we read your Extracts of the most elegant Scraps, judiciously chosen to fill up the Columns of expiring News-Papers; and thus shall we soar to Reputation on the Wings of your Opinions; and of one foolish Reader that repenteth of his Three Shillings for the Perusal of this Work, we may find ninety-and-nine wise Readers that need no Repentance.



THE

THE HUMOURIST.



ESSAY I.

Alter rixatur de laná sæpè caprina, et
Propugnat nugis armatus : Scilicet, ut non
Sit mihi prima fides ; et verè quod placet, ut non
Acriter elatrem, pretium ætas altera sordet.
Ambigitur quid enim? *Castor* sciat, an *Docilis* plus,
Brandusium Numici meliùs via ducat, an *Appi*.

HOR. Ep. 18. l. i. v. 15.

*One strives for Trifles, and for Toys contends :
He is in earnest ; what he says, defends :
“ That I should not be trusted, right or wrong,
“ Or be debarr’d the Freedom of my Tongue,
“ And not bawl what I please ! To part with this,
“ I think another Life too mean a Price.”
The Question is—Pray what? Why which can boast,
Or Docilis, or Castor, knowing most ;
Or whether thro’ Numicum been’t as good
To fair Brundusium, as the Appian Road.*

CREECH.

THIS first Essay, being nothing more
than an Essay on Essays, should be
read by none but those who are possessed

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with

with the true Spirit of Curiosity, and can't sleep sound in their Beds, without being as well acquainted with the Affairs of their Neighbours as their own; as this first Essay, among other curious and notable Observations of the Editor, (who, between you and me, thinks himself a very clever Fellow) contains an Account of the Causes and Intentions of publishing this Work, brings you acquainted with the Manners and Characters of the Persons concerned, and informs you how far the Town may be benefited by their Productions.

The Method of communicating our Thoughts and Observations on Mankind and Things, by means of this Species of Writing, has met with general Acceptation in the World: For the *Laconic* Stile carries with it something significant and striking; and, like the last Couplet of an Epigram, generally leaves a smart and pleasing Impression on the Mind; while the long Detail of an undetermin'd Narrative palls on the Sense, and becomes a Load to the Understanding.



The

The Original of Essay Writing is at least as early as the *Sibylls*; and as the Antients preferred it before all others, so do all modern Professors of Eloquence still admire it, as the chief Intent thereof is to please and inform the Judgment, without bewildering the Mind.

The Answers from the Oracles at *Delphos*, and the Leaves of the *Sibylls*, may be said to be only so many Essays towards enlightening the darkened Minds of their Contemporaries; in which it is notorious, they greatly excelled: They were indeed something too refin'd and abstruse in their Sentiments, and fit only to be read by the Sages and wiser Men of those Times, who notwithstanding their superior Knowledge, were sometimes at a Loss to comprehend them.

The Writers of the following Sheets were great Admirers of Antiquity, and revered the Antients to an extraordinary Degree, implicitly agreeing with *Pope*,

“ That to copy Nature was to copy them ;” and therefore sometimes have adhered so closely to their Forms and Ambiguities, that perhaps the wisest of our Readers may not be able to understand a single Sentence of many of their Compositions. But they are not from thence to infer, that the Writer is dull or insipid; but that he has only adhered too closely to those mystical Geniuses; and that it may perhaps require some Time to unravel the Wit that lays concealed at the Bottom: But, like the Answers of *Apollo*, when once discovered, they will sufficiently reward the Labour.

The *Lacedemonians* were great Proficients in *Essay*; but chiefly Enigmatical, and bordering on the *Sibylls*; and not only in their Writings, but in their Actions were strict Adherers to Mystery and Deception. Thieving was a Virtue; and the Man of the most ingenious Dexterity, in conveying away the Property of his Neighbour, was always looked upon as a promising Genius, and never failed of Applause from his Associates for his Skill; but a Detection in the Fact,
was

was punished with Ignominy and Banishment; and in the Eyes of the *Spartans*, was the greatest Indignity and Dishonour that could befall them. That well-known Story of the Boy, who suffered a Fox he had stolen to eat into his Side, rather than be detected in the Theft, is a convincing Proof what Inconveniences they would undergo rather than submit to a Discovery. This may not improperly be called *Acting* in ESSAY: And the Moderns in general bear so great a Reverence for the Manner of the Antients, that they still continue to imitate them, especially in the Excellence before mentioned; and their Virtue and Applauses, like those of the *Lacedemonians*, consist in not being discovered.

Lycurgus gave his Laws in *Essay*; short, but nervous and decisive: But the last he wrote, or rather spoke, was the most excellent that we meet with in History. After he had established his Laws, and to all outward Appearance saw a Probability of their Duration, yet was he fearful, lest (through the Instability of Human Nature) they

might after his Decease deviate from his Instructions. He therefore called the *Athenians* together, and said, *I am going from hence on a long Journey, swear by the Gods to obey my Laws till my Return.* They swore, and *Lycurgus* went from them with an Intention never to return, and thereby his Laws subsisted, with great Reverence, till the Establishment of those of *Draco*: Here was the pure Spirit of *Essay*, the Flower of *Laconism*: No wonder then if the *Greeks* have left us such great Examples and Proofs of their Genius, in this Method of Writing, or conveying their Sentiments.

What made *Demosthenes* fill his Mouth with pebble Stones, but that he might deliver his Orations *essaically*, and prevent that Circumlocution, which would necessarily follow, if he suffered his Tongue to roll about his Mouth, which it would otherwise have done. It was an *Essay* that discovered the Conspiracy of *Cataline*; and had *Cicero* attempted at any other Species of Writing, he had never made that Figure he now merits among the Learned.

The

The uncommon Humour of *Diogenes* to live in a Tub, was certainly the first *Essay* of the Kind; nor are many of the *Essays* of the Moderns less empty than *his* Dwelling. The Order of *Xerxes* to whip the Sea for retarding his Expedition, was an *Essay* on Madness: The Retreat of *Xenophon* an *Essay* on Fortitude: and the Debauches of *Alexander* were *Essays* on Life.

The Rape of *Helen* was nothing more than an *Essay* on Beauty: The Murder of *Cæsar* an *Essay* on Liberty: The Death of *Tarquin* an *Essay* on Revenge: The Actions of your *Alexanders*, your *Hanibals* and *Scipios*, were nothing more than so many *Essays* towards Dominion: The Negotiations of Monsieur *de Buffy*, the Mystery of *Elizabeth Canning*, and the Whims of the *Ghost* in *Cock-Lane*, were only so many *Essays* to impose on our Senses.

From the Prevalence of *Essay* in all Ages and Conditions, it is no wonder ingenious Men prefer that Method to all others: Which Truth, my worthy Friends, the

Authors of these following, were sufficiently acquainted with ; and therefore deviated as little as possible from their Manner of Writing, which the *learned* Reader will be best able to determine on the Perusal. But enough has been said to prove both the Antiquity and Utility of this Species of Writing.

The Writers of the following Sheets, were Men who were extremely well known in the polite Part of Life ; and one, in particular, has distinguished himself very considerably in the learned World ; having already obliged it with many ingenious Productions, all which are at present in great Esteem ; but being somewhat shy, and delicate in the Choice of his Company, was intimate with but few in public Life, yet familiar to the World : From his outward Appearance, which was somewhat singular, he was as well known at the *Bedford* as the Dial, under which every *Saturday* in Summer he was constantly placed, and in the Winter in the left-hand Corner at the upper-end of the Room, by which means he constantly enjoyed a double Advantage,
that

that of being well warmed by the adjacent Fire, and hearing all the theatrical Disputes, from which he would sometimes draw curious Conclusions: His Garb indeed was rather curious than costly, and generally consisted of a Sort of Snuff-colour, lined with the same, and a Suit of Black, which once had a white silk Lining, but having undergone so many Metamorphoses, there was but little of the Original remaining; his Coat was generally buttoned by two Buttons at the Bottom, or else secured with a Pin, in order to conceal that Protuberance or Excrescence of foul Linen, which sometimes would make its Way thro' certain Chasms and Fissures that Time had made in his inferior Vestment.

Indeed he was sometimes so lost in Reverie, that he paid no Attention to his Garb, and frequently so inattentive to Things, that his Absence of Mind would bring him into many Difficulties and Distresses; at the same Time his Demarche or Gait was so very singular, that it drew the Attention of most People who were not intimately acquainted with him; he had an exceeding

fine Ring, made him a Present in his Youth by an Emperor of Germany; and a Wig, which was given him by the late Czar *Peter the Great*; and which he affirm'd to be made of the Beards of the greatest Russian Philosophers, gathered together at the Time of that severe Edict for their Amputation: In order therefore to display both these Curiosities to advantage, he contracted a violent Swing of his right Arm, which being check'd by a contrary Motion, frequently threw the Tye of his Wig forwards, which he as often would replace, and thereby had an Opportunity of displaying both the Wig and the Ring to advantage.

When at home he wore Buskins of the true Roman cut, and in Conformance to their Custom, had his Legs bare; but when abroad had black silk Hose, very curiously rolled up his Thighs; his Head was generally somewhat inclin'd, and made an obtuse Angle of $127^{\circ} 35'$ with his left Shoulder; his Eye-brows truly Grecian; his Nose aquiline; and his Chin had that beautiful court *ecoupée*, or flatness, so much admired by the Antients, and still commemorated

to us in the *Venus de Medicis*, and *Apollo of Belvidere*: He was a Sort of a *Peripatetic* in his Nature, often composing as he walk'd; and so great an Admirer of pure *Spanish*, that it was somewhat dangerous in a windy Day for a Man to get on his Lee-side.

He has been smok'd by the Wits for almost every Thing but what he really was: Some thought him a Physician, others an Astrologer, and many People believed him skilled in Palmestry, and an Adviser in secret Cases: Others imagined him a Jesuit from St. Omer's, and concerned with *Damien* in his Attack on the *French King*; there was indeed some Colour for this Opinion, as he seldom opened his Mouth but in *Greek*, of which he was remarkably fond, and spoke with great Emphasis; sometimes indeed he would condescend to talk in his Mother Tongue, but it was chiefly to define Etymologies, in which he has much distinguished himself among the Learned: But the more general Opinion prevailed, that he was a Spy from the *French King*, by which means he had many Invitations to Dinner; and many Attempts were made to
come

come to a Certainty of his Profession, but without Effect.

The Truth is, he was a great Traveller and Philosopher, and in the true Meaning of the Word, perfectly so; having with an amazing Fortitude withstood a Series of Misfortunes, by which means in the decline of his Life, he had not that Affluence his Merit deserved; and therefore was obliged to content himself with a needy Lodging in *White-Friers*, and apply himself chiefly to writing for the Public; and having in his Peregrinations, collected many curious Observations on different Kingdoms and States in *Europe*, he published several interesting and applauded Political Works in the Years 1759 and 1760, by which he procured a genteel Subsistence; and at the Time of his Decease, had, with great Labour and Study, almost compleated a Description of the Curiosities and Adventures he met with in the several States and Countries through which he passed; with many curious Observations on Matters and Things entirely new; but the Loss of this truly great Genius it is imagined will entirely retard

tard the Work, there being no Person at present equal to that arduous Undertaking.

The good old Gentleman had every *Thursday* Night at his own Lodgings, a Sort of little Club or Meeting of two of his old Associates and myself, where we used to entertain ourselves over a Pipe of cool Tobacco, a Tankard of Porter, and a Neat's Tongue.

One of these had been in his younger Days an entire Man of the Town, of some Letters and Speculation ; the other a Lieutenant on Half-pay in the Midst of a flourishing War, who, with Merit enough to be a General, was for want of Friends, after thirty-two Years standing, in the same Post he first bought into.

With these, and myself, the Philosopher would often unbend his Mind from his more intense and refined Speculations ; and for some Years made it a Rule, that the Lieutenant, the Beau, and himself, should every Week compose an Essay, from their various Observations through Life, on the
Actions,

Actions, Follies and Manners of Mankind; which were constantly read at every *Thursday* Meeting, to which I was always admitted an Auditor, and generally found great Satisfaction in their Compositions; but the Lieutenant and the Beau dying, about the latter End of the Year 1760, the Essays from that Time entirely dropped, being Matters too trifling to engage the Attention of my Friend, who never thought of their being made Public, and were consequently neglected and dispersed in several Parts of the Garret where he resided, and to the Concern of all true Lovers of Literature, were sometimes applied to mend the broken Casement, and sometimes to more base and ignoble Purposes.

But at his Decease, which happened the 19th of *December* 1761, I found myself his Executor; and the Number of Essays, notwithstanding these Depredations, much greater than I imagined; and on a Perusal, found the greatest Part of them to be extremely curious, and worthy Publication; and knowing the Greediness of the Town for Novelty, I have ventured to usher them
into

into the World, in the State I found them; and though they are written by Men of Years, yet their Experience in Life, and Manner of Writing, has given them all the Sprightliness and true Humour of Youth; and in the Phrase of an Author, have never yet seen the light; and perhaps had for ever remained in Oblivion, but from my Hopes of being reimbursed the Charges of his Funeral, by this Publication; and at the earnest Request of my Bookseller to try the Taste of the Town and their Success by the Publication of one Volume, which if it meets but with that Encouragement I think their Merit must deserve, I shall publish at different Intervals the remaining Part of this entertaining Collection, having Matter sufficient in my Hands to make up about four neat Volumes in Twelves.

Among other private Papers, I found in the Philosopher's own Hand-writing, some curious Anecdotes relating to his own Life, and his Account of those of his Friends the Lieutenant and the Beau, which though
they

they contain some private Matters, which might perhaps, if living, affect their Delicacy, yet as they are now *no more*, and their Families extinct, no one can be injured by this Publication: And as it is no Reflection to a brave and good Man, to be Poor and Unfortunate, I have ventured to give you in some of the following Essays, as authentic a Description of their Persons, Parts, &c. as I have been able to collect from their posthumous Papers; knowing the Eagerness of Mankind to have at least a descriptive Acquaintance with a Set of Men, who, *in their way*, have made so considerable a Figure in Life.

X

ESSAY



ESSAY II.

Neque cuiquam tam statim clarum ingenium est,
ut possit emergere; nisi illi materia, occasio,
fautor etiam commendatorq; contingat.

PLIN. EPIST.

*No Man's Abilities are so remarkably shining, as not
to stand in need of a proper Opportunity, a
Patron, and even the Praises of a Friend, to
recommend them, to the Notice of the World.*

THE following is Word for Word as I
found it in the Philosopher's own
Hand-writing.

I was born in the Year 1698, my Birth,
I think, is somewhat obscure, not being
able to trace my Genealogy with any cer-
tainty in the male Line, nor having the
Happiness of being acquainted with my
Father, from whom, it might be expected,
I could gather these Informations: But the
Antients, as well as Moderns, have some-
times

times suffered in the Obscurity of their Origin, while Kingdoms and States have contended for the Honour of their Birth, as was the Case with that of *Homer*; but I have the Happiness in that respect to be superior to the *Grecian*, as I can with Truth assure the World, I am a Native of *England*, being born in *Field-Lane, London*, the third House on the left Hand turning up from *Holborn*; here I lived in my younger Days, under the Care of an aged Grandmother, who was all the Relations I ever knew, and to whom I have been obliged for all the Anecdotes I have been able to collect relating to my Ancestors.

To Dr. *Gurman Elvedeno*, the famous German Mountebank, who in the Year 1710, practised in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, I owe my first Introduction into Life; who perceiving in me the Seeds of Science, and many Prognostics of my being one Day a great Man, took me from School, and appointed me to wait on his *Andrew*; where I had an Opportunity of knowing Physic and Buffoonery; but having by Legerdemain conveyed away an infallible Noftrum of the
 Doctor's,

Doctor's, for the Cure of sore Eyes, I was enticed, for the Sake of the Secret, to attend a young Student to *Leyden*, where I learned the Languages, and got the Eel of Science by the Tail; and having an Opportunity of studying Philosophy and Astronomy, under the famous *Tycho Brache*, I made so considerable a Progress, that I was noticed by *Christian* King of *Denmark*, and made a Knight of the White Eagle; but being emulous of Knowledge, I travelled through all the Kingdoms and States of *Europe*, and my Abilities in Science were rewarded by all the crowned Heads of any Note, who frequently condescended to drink a Bottle and smoke a Pipe with me at my Apartments; and when at *Rome*, I became intimately acquainted with the Pope, and the famous Cardinal *Tencini*; from whom I was informed of the Rise, Progress and Migrations of the various Religions throughout the World. From *Rome* I visited *Naples*, and lay three Nights on the Summit of Mount *Vesuvius* (a), that I

(a) He published a Work entitled, *Physical Accounts of Terrestrial Eruptions*.

might

might more minutely discover the Causes of those Eruptions from that Sink of Nature: from thence to *Sicily*, inspected *Ætna*; and took a Section and Geometrical Ad-measurement of that Cave, which was once the Residence of the unfortunate *Proserpine*: From hence I embarked for *Syria*, and passed *Damascus*, all *Palestine*, *Palmyra*, *Balbec*, &c. collecting all the Way every Thing worthy the Notice of a Traveller, which I designed on my Return to *England*, to publish by Subscription in six Volumes in Folio (b): From hence I departed for *Egypt*, where I became intimately acquainted with that inexhaustible Fund of Antiquities, took the exact Dimensions of the two large Pyramids, and brought away the Occiput (c), or Skull, of *Cæcropes* the first *Egyptian* King: From hence I travelled on Foot across that sandy Country to *Morocco*; and had several Conferences with that Library of Learning, *Mulab Tbi*, then reigning Emperor: From hence I went to *Carthage*, in

(b) This is the Work left unfinished, mentioned in the preceding Essay.

(c) This Skull is now to be seen in the *British Museum*.

which

which Peregrination I composed several Soliloquies on the Fates of Empires (*d*), *Dido's*, *Hanibal's* and *Scipio's*; and departing for *Tunis*, sailed from thence up the *Archipelago*, and arriving at *Constantinople*, amused myself in collecting several Curiosities at that Place; particularly, a curious Survey of that Part of the *Hellepont* over which the unfortunate *Leander* so often swam; together with a Perspective of that Promontory, on which *Jove* first set his Foot in the Shape of a Bull, with *Europa* on his Back; and the exact Altitude of Mount *Ida*, accurately taken on the Spot (*e*): But while I was engaged in these important Matters, a favourite Sultaneſs of *Achmet III.* ſeeing me, and being enamoured of my Perſon, I was by this Beauty concealed four Months in the Seraglio, where I had an Opportunity of taking a complete Section

(*d*) Theſe Soliloquies were published in 1759, under the Title of, *The Sentiments of Heros on Human Greatneſs*; and paſſed three Editions in the Author's Life-time.

(*e*) Theſe three Things, at his Requeſt, are preſented to the Society for Encouragement of Arts and Sciences, and will be in their next Exhibition.

of

of that Building (*f*) ; but fearing a Detection, I effected my Escape ; and after a tedious Travel, I arrived at *Ispahan*, the Capital of *Persia*, and being well acquainted with the Eastern Languages, I so ingratiated myself, into the Affections of the famous *Kouli Khan*, that on the Deposition of his Visir, I was made (*g*) prime Minister in his stead : Here I embraced the Faith of *Omar*, suffered Circumcision, married a *Circassian* Beauty ; and became very considerable at *Delly*, when that Hero conquered *Indostan* : But losing my Wife, I determined at all Events to leave *Persia*, and crossing on Foot that immense Tract of (*h*) *Tartary*, I at last arrived at *China*, lived many Years at *Pekin* (*i*), and became

(*f*) This Print was engraven by Subscription, at 7 s. 6 d. each, in the Year 1761.

(*g*) A Work entitled, *The Political State of Persia*, compiled while the Author was at *Ispahan*, is now preparing for the Press, and will be published some Time in *August*.

(*h*) A curious Map of *Chinese Tartary* is now engraving from an original Drawing found at his Decease.

(*i*) Here, in Conjunction with the famous *Pere Du Halde*, he composed that History of *China* some Years since published in four Volumes, Octavo.

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the great Favourite of three succeeding Emperors; and from a Disciple of the great *Confusius*, I learned the Secret of the Philosopher's Stone; which, in Conjunction with him, I had almost brought to perfection; but unfortunately discovering to the Emperor our Success, He, greedy for Wealth, ordered us both to be seized, and put to death, that this infallible Material might be in his own Possession; but happily I had just Time to escape, and taking the first Opportunity embarked to the *East-Indies*, where I arrived Time enough to be in that memorable Engagement under General *Clive*, where I secreted a Number of Diamonds to an *unknown* Value, particularly one inestimable Gem, of which I despoiled the Brother of the deposed Nabob, *to whom I had sworn Protection*: Thus enriched, and loaded with the Spoils of Murder and Oppression (*k*), and raised on the Carnage and bloody Heaps of murdered Innocence, to a Level with

(*k*) I have often heard him lament and reproach himself for the many Murders and Oppressions committed by him in this Expedition, and attribute his Misfortunes to his Inhumanities here, the only glaring Iniquity of which he was ever guilty.

the

the Glittering of Coronets, elated with the Happiness which the Prospects of temporary Bliss and Honours, seemed to promise I should enjoy on my Arrival in *England*, I departed in the *Ajax Indiaman* for *London*; but Vengeance, that soon or late overtakes us for our Crimes, pursued me in the Shape of a *French Frigate*, to which I was obliged to submit, and with my Treasures resign all my other Effects to the Enemy, my Drawings, &c. excepted. Thus after a Variety of Voyages, Travels, Adventures and Vicissitudes of Fortune, after visiting six Empires, fourteen Kingdoms, nineteen Principalities, twenty-six Dukedoms, nine Electorates, and conversed with seven Sultans, fourteen Emperors, forty-two Kings, twenty-seven Princes, sixteen Popes, besides Dukes, Earls, Viscounts, Barons, Cardinals, Bishops, Priests, Deacons, and Curates, without Number, was I exchanged by a Cartel, and set on Shore, pennyless and shirtless, in my native Country. *Sic transit Gloria Mundi.*

Thus

Thus far is the Original which the Philosopher has left us: I shall further observe, that having the good Fortune to save his Papers, &c. and other Valuables of that Kind, for which the Enemy seemed to express no great Inclination, he took a Lodging in *White-Friars* next the *Thames*, where contriving that no body should be over his Head, he perfected several of his principal Works, among which are those beforementioned.

X



ESSAY III.

—Perituræ parcite chartæ. JUV. Sat. I. v. 18.

*In Mercy spare us, when we do our best
To make as much Waste Paper as the rest.*

NOtwithstanding I have travelled over more Kingdoms and States than *Machiavel*, been honoured with the particular Notice of *all* the Potentates of *Europe*, dined with Emperors, and play'd at Picquet with Princes; can boast as many quarterings in my Arms as the famous Baron de THONDERTONTRONC, and produce a Pedigree as long as that of CADWALLADAR, yet since my unfortunate Capture, that deprived me of the Riches I had accumulated, my Virtues are overlook'd, my Abilities despis'd, and the Strength of my Genius can hardly procure me a Dinner.

This Truth I am thoroughly convinced of, for my Necessities were so urging as to oblige

oblige me to send my snuff-colour'd Suit, together with my best Respects, to a neighbouring Gentleman, for the Assistance of a few Shillings; and having but two Coats to my Back, I was obliged to walk to my Bookseller in my Suit of Black, which is seldom wore but on such particular Occasions: It is true, the Cut is not perfectly Modern, nor is the Dye of that curious Jet one would desire; but then the Whiteness, which time has made on the Edge, makes it at a Distance, and on a clear Day, appear not unlike a silver Edging, which with my red silk Stockings, and my best Peruke, comb'd with my own Fingers, and sleek'd with some of the best Oil my Landlady's Lamp affords, made me, in my own Opinion, a very respectable Personage.

But I soon found Mr. *Quarto*, to whom I carried the Copy of a Work I had just finished, was of a very different Opinion; for he did not receive me with that Respect I thought my transcendent Skill in Literature deserved; but with a supercilious and lowering Eye, surveyed my

Exteriors, and at the same Time with that Circumspection, Gravity and Silence, that I conceived he had perhaps an Intention of making me a Present of a new Suit of Cloaths, from the Benefits which arose to him from the last Copy I had sold him, and was meditating the Charge of the Taylor's Bill. But I was never more mistaken in my Life; for I found on the contrary, he was contriving how to worm me out of my Copy, which from my present Appearance he thought my Necessities would oblige me to part with.

“ Two Volumes in Folio,” says *Quarto*:
 “ Times are hard, very hard indeed, Pa-
 “ per dear, the Town is tired of Mora-
 “ lity, its mere Trash; besides, Mr. *Philo-*
 “ *sopher*, I am really of Opinion I am a
 “ Loser by your last Work, you should
 “ consider that; but, however, I think—
 “ I will try one of the Volumes; the Title
 “ may take”—“ Take! Mr. *Quarto*; there
 “ is no doubt, Sir, of the Success of such a
 “ Performance.”—“ Sir, I meant to say,”
 —replies *Quarto*, —“ Sir, said I, if you
 “ meant

“ meant to say well, you must have said
“ the Work was excellent, the Plan good,
“ the Design well conducted, and the Ob-
“ servations the Result of long Expe-
“ rience.”—“ Dear Mr. *Philosopher*, you
“ Authors are so extreme partial : —
“ Zounds, Sir, if the Town was always
“ to have the same Opinion of a Book as
“ the Writers of it, no Money should
“ part us,—but, my good Sir, you know
“ Life,—the Taste of the World is de-
“ prav’d, Printing high, Sales precarious,
“ and then, the damn’d Advertisements.”
“ Well, but Mr. *Quarto*, will you touch,
“ Sir?”—“ Touch, Sir!”—“ Ay, Sir.”—
“ Why, Sir,—I’ll print it jointly, if you
“ will, and then if any Profits arise, why
“ we’ll share and share alike ; but if there
“ is any Loss, then — you must bear it
“ yourself; not that I would disparage
“ your Work.”—“ Zounds, Sir, — not
“ disparage—Sir, you don’t consider this
“ Work” — “ I am considering it now,
“ said *Quarto*, and am afraid I shall not
“ get Five Shillings by it even at that rate.”—

“ But, Mr. *Quarto*, there is such a Thing
 “ as a Second Edition, Sir.”—“ A Second
 “ Edition, says *Quarto*,—hum—that is
 “ Apocryphal—but, however, if it comes
 “ to a Second Edition—why then—I’ll
 “ give you Two Guineas and a Half for
 “ the Copy.”—Enrag’d at this Treatment,
 and disappointed at the Reception of a
 Work I knew of such Importance to the
 World (*l*), I flung out of the Shop, ex-
 claiming with *Dryden*,

*Want is the Scorn of every wealthy Fool,
 And Wit in Rags, is turn’d to Ridicule.*

Retiring, not a little chagrīn’d, with my
 Works to my Lodging, where I flung my-
 self into my Chair, and from the Keen-
 ness of my Appetite, and the Horrors of
 an empty Pocket, I was thrown into a
 profound Reverie, on the State of my pre-
 sent Condition, which reduced me almost
 to a Necessity of sipping the Streams of
Hellicon, or feasting in Imagination on the
 Ambrosia of the Gods.

(*l*) This is supposed to be that excellent Work of
 his Observations, &c. of six Folio Volumes, now un-
 finished, and mentioned in the first of these Essays.

Indeed

Indeed when the Muses smile, a neighbouring Ordinary admits me for my Three-pence to the Effluvia of boil'd Beef, reeking Vegetables, and the Company of the greatest Wits of the Age. But as public Credit never suffers more than from People of this cast of Mind, I found myself obliged to *run my Face* with my Landlady, who being in a good Humour, and Arrears not deep, supplied me from her own Shop with a halfpenny Roll, a Rasher of Bacon, and a Mug of small Beer, which with her own Hands she brought into my Garret, and at the same Time desired my Acceptance of a new laid Egg.

With this Repast, on the Tail of my Landlady's Shift, as I love at least to eat decently, did I make a tolerable Meal, having placed it on my little Stool, which serves me in the double Capacity of a writing and dining Table: My two Chairs are no despicable Part of my Furniture, having formerly been of the best Cane, but they are a little unfortunate in their Antiquity, as Time has deprived one of them of a

Back, and the other of the Seat; but the last mentioned Difficulty I have removed with the Door of my corner Cupboard, which though somewhat hard is nevertheless the best Sitting, as it prevents Indolence, and is moreover a great Preventer of the Piles, which will sometimes arise from sitting soft; my other Chair is set close against the Wall near the Fire, which contains a dirty Shirt, a Pair of old Breeches, and poor *Tom* the tabby Cat, who is now senseless of her Master's Distresses, wantonly diverting herself with a black silk Stocking, the Heel of which is mended with white Worsted.

When I had din'd, in order to recruit my decay'd Fire, I went to my corner Cupboard for a few Coals, which I always keep in a small Muff-box, presented me for that Purpose last New Year's Day by my Landlady's eldest Daughter. This Cupboard is the general Receptacle of my most material Concerns; and contains at present the Lid of a Tinder-box, a broken Steel, and a small Flint, a Paper of Tobacco, a dirty Pipe, a Cup and Saucer, a broken
Tea.

Tea-pot, a white stone Mug, without a Handle, in which were the Remains of my small Beer carefully covered over with my Night-cap, an old snuff Canister with some of *Walker's* best Bohea, some coarse moist Sugar, a Piece of Cheshire, and the Remainder of a Pennyworth of Butter, which I have put together in the Leaf of a *Monthly Review*, and covered with the Top of my snuff Canister, to preserve it from Dust; one-third of a halfpenny Roll, some Ends of Candles, a Pair of old Shoes, and a Bundle of Matches, are preserved in a Hat-box, and set on the Cupboard Head.

As Experience has taught me that nothing is so injurious to the Health as laying hard, I am provided with a very good flock Bed, which supplies the Place both of Bed and Mattrafs, and as Ticken is apt to harbour Vermin, I have Sticks nailed at certain Distances which serve to support the Bedding, and at the same Time keep the Bedstead together; and as Sheets are expensive, and in reality mere Luxury, my Landlady never provides them, and I am

abated Threepence a Week in my Lodging on that Head; but she has in its stead thereof given me a thick Rug curiously knotted, which is admirably contrived to keep me perfectly warm; or in Case of Excess of Heat, there are certain Cracks and Holes extremely well contrived for putting out as much of my Legs and Arms as I choose should be aired by a constant Wind that pierces through the broken Pannel of my Doors, and answers all the medicinal Benefits of a Chamber Ventilator.

My own Coat of Arms, which I have carefully preserved, blazoned in all the Pomp of Heraldry, is placed in the Frame of an old Atchievement immediately over my Chimney, supported by an Escutcheon on each Side of the Dutchess of *Marlborough*, and are no inconsiderable Part of my ornamental Furniture. The Song of *The Children in the Wood*, *Chevy Chase*, and *Death and the Lady*, are so disposed near the Fire, that when I am musically inclined I can never want Subject for an Entertainment; and the *Bellman's Verses*, for the three last Years, are placed most conspicuously

spicuously to remind me of the Death of St. Stephen, and the *Acts of the Apostles*.

The true Proverb, *That seeming Misfortunes turn to real Benefits*, is verified in the State of my Windows, which having Time after Time been shook out by the Wind, and my Landlady declaring she would pay for no more, I determined to supply their Place with Paper; and accordingly took out the remaining Glass, with which I produced as much Paper as would answer my Purpose; which I have filled with scraps of Poetry, answering to all Subjects and Occasions, and pasted in the Stead of these Squares of Glass; and by Oiling the Paper, the Rays of Light make the Writing very conspicuous; therefore when I sit composing in my great Chair, and in the Midst of a fine Thought, I need not be disturbed with References to Books; for if I have Occasion for a Simile, a Description of a Storm, a Calm, a Race, a Beauty, &c. &c. I have only to cast my Eye, and I have them already cut and dry to my Purpose. I mention this as a Hint to my
brother

brother Authors; who by this Means will not only save Time in their Compositions, but have the Room warmer, quieter, and free from the glaring Intrusion of Day; which is often apt to create Anxieties and Trouble, when the unthinking Bard does not find it consistent with his Safety to stir abroad.

X. Z.

* *



E S S A Y IV.

Audire est operæ pretium procedere rectè
Qui mæchis non vultis— HOR. S. 2. l. I. v. 37.

*All you who think the city ne'er can thrive
'Till every Cuckold-maker's flay'd alive,
Attend——*

POPE.

The History of Honoria and Aristander.

IT is needless for me to give a Description of the Person of *Honoria*, since she has so long charm'd the Town with her Beauty: She was a Widow when the agreeable *Aristander* paid his Addresses to her, and

and they were soon after married, to the great Concern of his Friends; for *Honoria*, both before and after her Marriage, had been very liberal of her Favours.

They had not been married above half a Year when *Aristander* was obliged to go into *Yorkshire* to take Possession of an Estate which had lately fell to him: He would willingly have made his charming Bride a Partner in his Journey, but as it was the Winter Season, she absolutely refused to leave the many Diversions which this gay Metropolis afforded, and which constituted her Happiness; yet she pretended an excessive Sorrow for his Departure, wept, fainted, and played off the whole Artillery of female Falshood. *Aristander*, who thought himself secure of her Heart, was in reality concerned to leave her behind; but promising to return as soon as ever his Business would permit him, she saw him depart with well-disssembled Tears.—

*When she his Absence to bemoan,
The very Moment he was gone,
Call'd Thyrsis from beneath the Bed,
Where all the while he had been hid.*

She

She was exceedingly pleased at the Absence of *Aristander*, as she by that means had an Opportunity to satisfy the ardent Desires of a young Nobleman who long had lov'd her; but, nevertheless, after a few days Enjoyment, she grew tir'd of him, and took into her Service a Colonel of the Guards, whom she perfectly ador'd; but was at the same Time extremely cautious that the World might not suspect her Conduct.

To return to *Aristander*, whose Affairs having kept him some time longer in the Country than he expected, he was surprized one Morning with a Visit from an intimate Acquaintance, who was just returned from his Travels: This Gentleman had been in the good Graces of *Honorio* during the Life of her former Husband; but as he was unacquainted with *Honorio's* Marriage to his Friend, he, in the Course of Conversation, inform'd him of the Intrigue which he had formerly with her; and upon his Arrival in *England*, to renew his Acquaintance with her, but that a young Nobleman, who had
been

been long a Suitor, had ravished the Prize from his Arms; since which Time, continued he, she has had a pretty quick Succession of Lovers. *Aristander* chang'd Colour, and was in great Confusion at this Recital; but as the other was ignorant of any Connection that was between them, it pass'd unnoticed.

He immediately form'd a Resolution to put the Virtue of *Honorio* to the Test; for which Purpose he wrote to inform her that his Affairs would necessarily detain him some time longer in the Country; begged that she would not be under any Uneasiness, for he would conclude his Affairs with the utmost Expedition. He then came privately to Town, and disguised himself in a Manner scarce possible to be known; for as his Hair was very light, he black'd both that and his Eye-brows, which made so great an Alteration in him, that his most intimate Friends could not have known him; and lest his Speech should betray him, he pass'd for a Foreigner; as he was perfectly acquainted with the *French* and
Italian

Italian Languages, this was no difficult Task to perform. He provided himself with a Couple of *French* Servants, and dressed with all the Gaiety of a true *Frenchman*, he took Lodgings the very next Door to his own House, and found upon a strict Inquiry that his Wife had an intimate Connection with a young Officer.

In a few Days he got to the Speech of her Confident, whom he brib'd handsomely, and soon got into the good Graces of *Honor**ia*, who was pleased to have a Foreigner of the Distinction which he appeared among the Train of her Admirers. She little suspected that she was receiving the Addresses of *Aristander*, who in less than a Month got Possession of his most virtuous Wife. She had presented him with a Diamond of considerable Value as a Memento of the great Regard which she had for him, which he promised to wear for her Sake; he then retired into the Country, from whence he wrote a Letter to inform *Honor**ia* that he should soon return to Town, which did not give any Joy to this abandoned Woman, as his Presence was a Tie upon

upon her Licentiousness. She received him however with open Arms, and with such Raptures of Joy, that none but a Hypocrite and a Dissembler could be guilty of. She at length observed the fatal Ring upon his Finger, which made her change Colour, as she imagined that her dear Monsieur had betrayed her; but how great was her Astonishment when *Aristander* informed her that he was the Gallant whom she had so highly favoured, and swearing that he would no longer be abused by so infamous a Creature, she, with a Dissimulation she knew very well how to feign, informed him that she presently discovered that it was her dear *Aristander* in the Person of her *French Gallant*; and that it was highly improbable that she should bestow a Diamond of so great Value upon a mere Stranger. Here her Tears interrupted the Course of her Speech; when she had recovered herself, she railed at his Jealousy, and cursed her own unhappy Fate, to be united to a Man so susceptible of Jealousy, that Bane of Love. She then fell into a well-counterfeited Swoon, in which she continued for some time; but *Aristander* was not to be blinded

blinded in such a Manner, and by his Behaviour the Affair came to the Knowledge of the Public: He was the Subject of every Conversation, and all the Tea-tables in Town made themselves merry at his Expence; and he never stirred abroad, but he heard himself stil'd *The Imaginary Cuckold!* This provoked him to a great Degree; but not having sufficient means to prove her Disloyalty, he could not sue for a Divorce.

Sometimes he comforted himself with the Thoughts of many of his Friends being in the same Situation. There is the noble *Herminius*, who though the World believes his Wife to be honest, yet to his great Concern he is satisfied to the contrary. *Bonaris*, though he has Horns in abundance, yet he behaves to his Wife with the greatest Complaisance, and passes for a fond indulgent Husband, though in private he curses her consummate Falshood. *Periander*, though all the World knows that he is a Cuckold, yet, for the Sake of Peace and Tranquillity, very philosophically puts his Horns into his Pocket, and
is

is in the true Extent of the Word, *A Contented Cuckold*. In fine, continued he, there are few married Men but are in my Condition, and whom I can look on as Brothers, Cuckoldom being a State which in the present Age is accounted honourable. But there is a Circumstance of much greater Detestation, and what should meet with the Censure of all good Men, I mean that of bartering for Innocence. *Gobbo* was an old, crooked, disagreeable Miser, who by his Avarice had hoarded up an immense Treasure, and had one lovely, blooming Daughter to inherit his Wealth : The charming beautiful Maid was on the Eve of Marriage with a deserving young Gentleman, when the Prince *Orasmin* fell in love with her, and knowing the Passion of the detestable *Gobbo*, he bribed him with all-powerful Gold, for which the avaricious Monster sold his lovely, his innocent Child, to Infamy and Ruin. Her former Lover, hearing of her Misfortune, abandoned her ; and the poor injured young Lady retired into the Country, where she wastes her Youth and Bloom in Sighs and Tears at the Remembrance of her Father's Wickedness. As for him, he is

is left to fulfill the Measure of his Iniquity, when doubtless the avenging Arm of Heaven will punish him for his Crimes. But these Reflections have cut off the Thread of my Narrative.

Flavillus then, who married for the Sake of Riches, is continually informing his Acquaintance, that he is very unhappy in his Wife, that she is for ever receiving Love Letters, and that his Jealousy is so great, that he is fearful of breaking the Bounds of that Complaisance, which he is ever determined to pay her. This the World laugh at him for, since her Figure is such, as sufficiently to allay an amorous Heat, — without a — nearer Conjunction. His Lady, on the other Hand, is as remarkable in her Way; for not finding any Man who had the least Desire for her Person, their Love was all placed on the Enjoyment of her Fortune: She therefore turned religious, and never failed to pay her Devotions at the Tabernacle of a famous Methodist Teacher; and though from her Soul she loved a pretty Fellow as well as any Woman in the World, yet she took it
all

all for holy Zeal, and was determined to marry *Flavillus*, who had long been in Love with her Fortune: He had learnt to turn up his Eyes, to practise the holy Leer, and in short to become a sanctified Sinner. The old Lady had long observed him at the Tabernacle; and being a handsome Fellow, she was determined to be *Bone of his Bone, and Flesh of his Flesh*, not for the Sake of satisfying any carnal Appetite, but for the good of his Soul; lest by a State of Celibacy, he should run into any of the fashionable Vices of the Town: She is so exceeding fond of him, that though in the Winter of her Age, she insists upon his going to Bed at Nine o'Clock, and never suffers him to leave her withered Arms till the Clock strikes Eleven; and in doing this, she vainly imagines that she has sav'd a Soul from Destruction. Foolish Woman! at this Time your darling *Flavillus* keeps a Couple of extravagant Wretches, who in the End will ruin him; and all the Gold which he gets from you, under divers Pretences, is to support them in the utmost Pomp and Affluence.

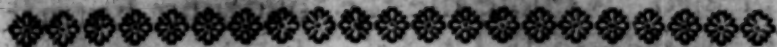
Aristander,

Aristander, I say, pleased himself with these Instances ; and not being able to endure the Sight of *Honoria*, they mutually agreed to part. She did not long survive her Separation, for a Cold which she caught by staying too late at *Vauxhall*, where she had an Affignation, threw her into a Fever, which soon put an End to her Life.

Aristander was easily consoled for her Death, and would have repaired his Loss by another Wife; but he could not find any Woman that cared to venture on a Man, who could take so prevailing a Method, to come to the Knowledge of her Infirmities.

Z

ESSAY



ESSAY V.

—Huc natas adjice septem,
 Et totidem Juvenes, et mox generosq; nurusque,
 Quærite nunc, habeat quam nostra superbia causam.
 Ov. MET. l. 6. v. 182.

*Seven are my Daughters, of a Form Divine,
 With seven fair Sons, an Indefectible Line.
 Go, Fools, consider this, and ask the Cause,
 From which my Pride its strong Presumption draws.*
 CROXAL.

I WAS lately in Company with some young Ladies who complained of excessive Pains in their Limbs, which, unless some wholesome Advice should be speedily given them for the Prevention thereof, must certainly end in a confirm'd Rheumatism; occasioned, they suppose, by lying alone in Beds made after the modern Fashion; capable of containing at least one Half as many as the celebrated Bed of *Ware*. And further, to encourage me to promote the Marriage State, knowing me a Reverer of the

the Sacred Writ, one among the rest was pleased to quote me the following Extract from the fourth Chapter of *Ecclesiastes* and the eleventh Verse, *If two lie together then have they Heat; but how can one be warm alone!*

As I have a great Veneration for the Marriage State, so would I by all Means, if possible, promote it, by shewing how preferable the Advantages arising therefrom are to Celibacy, which I hope will encourage those Persons who go under the disagreeable Appellation of *fusty old Batchelors*, to expunge the Name, by honourably lessening the Number of those Virgins who have surpassed their Teens, and who, at the Expiration of three or four Years more, might be rank'd among those we call *Old Maids!*

There is indeed one Thing almost inseparable from the Mind of Man, which is, the Love of Power or Dominion, and what every Husband seems to have by Nature most strongly implanted in his Mind: Nor is there any Reason, how plausible soever it may seem, to the contrary. For why should not the Husband have an equal
Power

Power with that which every Captain of a Man of War is posselt of? For a; the latter is sovereign of his wooden Kingdom, so is the former indisputably Master of his Family.—But, by the bye, they must use that Power as not abusing it, and steer their Course with Prudence, that they may at length attain the wish'd-for Harbour.

Another Advantage arising from the Holy Tye of Matrimony, is being bless'd with many Children. The Anxiety attending the Provision we are to make for them, according to the utmost of our Abilities, is fully recompensed by their many engaging Smiles in their Infancy, and the Hopes we may receive of their acquiring such Accomplishments as will render them respectable, if not in the highest, yet not in an inferior Degree, in any Station of Life they may have occasion to fill. Among the Children I am blest with, the Number of whom is no less than a Baker's Dozen, I have, according to their different Turn and Genius, devoted each to their respective future Vocation; in one I perceive a prime Minister of State, another seems to

D

promise

promise fair for the long Robe, a third is continually employing himself in forming Cubes, Squares, and Triangles; and yesterday, as it were by Instinct, turn'd an Ionic Capital to admiration out of a Knave of Clubs; he also constructs Arches of different Radiuses from the same Materials; all which give me great Hopes of his having some few Years hence no small Share in the Architecture of *Black-Friars-Bridge*. Nor do I doubt but they will perpetuate my Name (by the Education I shall bestow upon them) as much or more than ever the *Egyptian* Pyramids did their Builder, be an Honour to their several Callings, Promoters of Religion and Virtue, and strenuous Defenders of their King and Country.

As for the dear Partner of my Breast (though named the last, yet first in my Affection) with her I share the Pleasures and Anxieties, which are naturally blended with most of the Occurrences of Life: With her I find a Refuge from each Trouble; for Sorrow finds Relief when communicated to a bosom Friend. With her
each

each Joy is doubled-Hours, which moved but slowly in the single State, in this, glide imperceptibly away. I therefore look upon myself, while in this Situation, to be much more serviceable to my King and Country, than the richest Batchelor Commoner in *England*.

I cannot here (however foreign to the Purpose) avoid inserting a few Lines out of *Etchard's Roman History*; where he tells us, That the Emperor *Augustus*, upon addressing himself to the Batchelors, against whom a Complaint was lodged for their Celibacy, was pleased to say, *That their Lives and Actions had been so peculiar, that he knew not by what Name to call them; not by that of Men, for they performed nothing that was manly; not by that of Citizens, for the City might perish for want of their Care; not by that of Romans, for they designed to extirpate the Roman Name.*

All which makes me imagine, that a very small Part of their Life is spent as it ought to be, except that Portion only

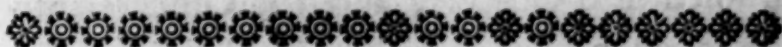
which is engrossed by Sleep; so frequent are their Debaucheries and nocturnal Riots. And if this be the Case, what Pleasure can the single Man enjoy in his State of Celibacy, comparatively with the married Man. In the first Place, he does not answer the End of his Creation, express'd in the Words of the Deity, *Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the Earth.* And in the second Place, if he looks upon himself as independent, and on that Account cares for No-body, so may he be sure the World will in return not care for him.

I therefore hope this may in some Measure prevail on those, who have spent many Years in a single State, to finish what remains in Wedlock. I may venture to affirm, that each Turtle may find a loving and a willing Mate; for I cannot judge so hard of the fair Sex, as to imagine they would upon any Account whatever, be against answering the End of *their* Creation, by increasing and multiplying their Species to the utmost of their Power.

I would therefore advise every Batchelor
to follow the Example of Captain *Plume*
in the Service of his Country,

And raise Recruits the Matrimonial Way.

Y Y



ESSAY VI.

Exigite ut mores, teneros feu pollice ducat
Ut si quis cerâ vultum facit.

JUV. Sat. 7. v. 237.

*Bid him beside his daily Pains employ,
To form the tender Manners of the Boy,
And work him like a waxen Babe with Art,
To perfect Symmetry in every Part.*

CH. DRYDEN.

AS I was musing the other Day in that
Part of my Lodgings which com-
mands the *Thames*, I saw from my Win-
dow a Pair of Oars convey by me (with
that swiftness which the Wind and Tide
concurring together generally presents us
with) two young Officers, who by their
Regimentals, appeared to belong to one of

our marching Regiments; they came almost close under my Window, with that *fiercé* so peculiar to Gentlemen of their Profession; when suddenly they both started up, and with wonderful Agility and Expedition, the Watermen became metamorphosed into Officers, and the Officers into Watermen; who with a Skill truly astonishing, seemed to row these temporary Militarians, with great Expedition and Exultation, up the River.

They were hardly passed, when I fell into a profound Reverie, on this general Misapplication of Talents in Mankind; and could not help concluding within myself, that those Gentlemen would have distinguished themselves notably on the Anniversary of that jocose comedian Mr. *Dogget*; and the Watermen perhaps have made no inconsiderable Figure in a Campaign with the Hero of *Prussia*.

I would by no Means be understood to discountenance that laudable Emulation in most of our young Gentry for the Army, especially in the Midst of so glorious and
successful

successful a War; but I would not have a Prostitution of Manners and Parts, and a red Coat conceal a Clown or a Coward; for too often we find, the pert Mechanic, the good Artificer, the honest Labourer, or the industrious Ploughman, parading it in Masquerade, with a Spontoon and a Gorget. It is true the King of *Prussia* can no more make all our Soldiers Heroes, than Mr. *Garrick* can make all his Players, Actors; but, at the same Time, they should not degenerate from that true Nobility and Spirit which ought to be the constant Companion of the Soldier; for as nothing is so genteel, so nothing so truly finishes the Gentleman and the Scholar, as the Army. An Officer with a good Education, that has made two or three Campaigns, returns as accomplished as if he had made the grand Tour; and never fails to command the Respect of the Men, and Love of the Ladies; whom I am of Opinion give their Approbation, from that Understanding and natural Vivacity they discover in the finished Gentleman: But my Friend *Ranger*, who seems to be better acquainted with their Passions, in-

sists it arises from their natural Propensity to any Thing in Scarlet, without considering what it conceals, being captivated only by Externals; and, like the Mackarell, is surely caught, if a Piece of red Cloth is thrown out for the Bait.

But where Education and Courage are wanting, Good-breeding and Bravery are deficient; Time and Experience might perhaps establish the latter, though it might never accomplish the former; but what under these Circumstances is the most to be lamented, is when Power and Interest shall set aside Seniority and Merit; and Boys and Coxcombs supersede brave Men, whose Merit and long Services have entitled them to a better Fate. That extraordinary Letter, said to be written to the then Secretary of War, in the Year 1758, is too glaring a Proof of this Neglect of Merit; and as it reflects eternal Dishonour upon us, it is to be wished a Parallel cannot be produced in any other Kingdom of *Europe*: The Substance of which Letter was as follows, and said to be written on a very memorable Occasion; “ My Lord, I was a Lieutenant
when

“ when General *Stanhope* won *Minorca*, for
 “ which he was made a Lord ; I was a
 “ Lieutenant when General *Blakeney* lost
 “ *Minorca*, for which he was also made a
 “ Lord ; *I am a Lieutenant still.*”

But the following Fact now recent, is as new as extraordinary in its Kind. A Youth, the Darling of his Mother, the Wonder of his Father, and the Admiration of all the Fools of their Acquaintance, discovering in his early Days many signal Proofs of his Courage, having scratched the Cook, bit the Footman's Thumb, and broke the Head of the Butcher's Boy for not wiping his Shoes, these promising Atchievements, joined to many others of the like Nature, determined his Mother to procure him a Commission, (which many a common Soldier would have filled with much more Credit and Reputation) that he might be one Day a General ; and Master *Tommy* was sent accordingly abroad with a Pair of Colours to reinforce the *British* Troops ; where not having the good Fortune to take a *French* Prisoner, and being unwilling to return to *England* without some Proofs of

his Resolution and Courage, most heroically transported from thence a large *French Cow*, to which he has shewn a particular Attachment since his Arrival; having placed her to Grass, not far from the Metropolis, where she at present remains for the Inspection of the Curious.

My Friend, the Philosopher, who is in some Respects a *Pythagorean*, is of Opinion, it is the Soul of a departed Mistress, who is willing to attend him in the Shape of a Cow, that in Case of dangerous Attacks she may be ready to secure him from Wounds and Scars, by doing the same Favour for our Hero, which *Jupiter* once did for *Europa*, in the Shape of a Bull. But I, who generally look upon Things on the naked Side, cannot help thinking, that this Gentleman would have made a very respectable Figure in the Character of a Butcher, or a Swine-herd, whom the Folly of his Parents, “in spite of Nature and his “Stars,” has doomed to strut in Regimentals.

There

There is, I think, nothing so frequent, and, at the same Time, so much to be lamented, as this general Misapplication of Talents in Mankind: For my Part, I am apt to attribute it to the Partiality of Parents, who see in their growing Offspring always something great and promising; indeed, in general, we find this to be more particularly confined to the eldest Son of the Branch, who never fails to be like the Father; and the natural Vanity or Self-sufficiency, with which every Man is more or less endued, makes him think it impossible but that those Talents in Miniature, will one Day make the Son distinguishable in Life, though partial Fortune, and the Ingratitude of Mankind, has overlooked these shining Virtues in himself.

My Godson *Charles*, to the Amazement of both Father and Mother, has discovered a very early Genius in cutting Ships and Barges from sundry Pieces of Cork, and swims them with great Skill in a neighbouring Horse-pond: His Father, who was many Years Steward's Mate of the

Blenheim, beholds these Feats with Transports, being confirmed in his Opinion he will be, one Day, at least a Captain of a Man of War, if not an Admiral; and is determined to send him to Sea: But I have almost persuaded the Father first to Apprentice him to a Master of a Lighter in the River, by which Means the Water will become familiar to him, and he will thereby have an Opportunity to become acquainted with Navigation, at least with that Part of it, which lies between *Limehouse* and *Battersea*.

A neighbouring Barber, who in his Youth had a great Propensity to the Violin, and by continual Crotcheting has fiddled away half his Customers, is convinced his Son will one Day prove as great a Man as *Handel*, and is determined to make him a Musician. But the Resolution of my Cobbler is somewhat singular, who having observed that his Son is very dexterous in running Flies through the Body with his Awl, is determined at all Events to make him a Fencing Master.

X

ESSAY



ESSAY VII.

“ ——— *Women born to be controll'd*
 “ *Stoop to the Forward and the Bold;*
 “ *Affect the Haughty, and the Proud,*
 “ *The Gay, the Frolick, and the Loud.”*

AS I was solacing myself yesterday Morning, with a comfortable hot Roll, and a Dish of *Walker's Bohea*, I was terribly alarmed at the Appearance of my Landlady, who with a Face as pale as a Midnight Spectre, came running into my Chamber, and without uttering a single Word, she beckoned me to follow her. I was surpris'd at this unusual Manner of addressing me, but having a Curiosity to know the Meaning of this silent Call, I accompanied the good Woman into an adjoining Garret, where I indeed beheld a very melancholy Spectacle; *Jenny Scrub*, my Landlady's Servant, hanging from a Hook in the Ceiling; I had sufficient Presence of Mind to support her, while her Mistress with a Pair of Scissars cut her down,

down, I laid my Burden on a Bed which was in the Room, and having some little Knowledge in Surgery, I attempted to bleed her, but too late, the Object of my Attention was cold and lifeless, the Iron Hand of Death had deprived her of all Sense and Motion. I enquired of my Landlady if she was acquainted with the Reason of her committing this rash Action. The good Woman shook her Head, and told me, with an Appearance of unaffected Concern, that the poor honest Creature had been deluded by a Promise of Marriage, made to her by a young Carpenter in the Neighbourhood, who had deceived her, and married some Time ago another Woman; and that Despair, joined to a Fear of bringing an unhappy Innocent into the World, she believed was the Occasion of her being guilty of the horrid Crime of Suicide.

I could not help reflecting on the Misfortune of so many of the Female Sex, who are deluded by the stale and worn-out Promise of a speedy Marriage; whereas I may venture to affirm, that not one out of
twenty,

twenty, who have yielded to satisfy the ardent Desires of their Lovers, before the Holy Priest had given the Benediction, is ever united to the Man, to whom she yields her Virgin Treasure; or if she is so happy as to gain the Name of Wife, Jars, Jealousies, and endless Confusion, usurp Dominion over Peace, Harmony, and conjugal Affection. O Chastity! thou best Companion to the Female World! rob'd with that beautiful and alluring Garment, they defy the Tongue of Slander, and the Blast of Malice! but if once they swerve from the Rules of rigid Virtue, Contempt, Ignominy, and Shame, with their baleful Influence, burst like a Torrent o'er their devoted Heads, and Death and Ruin close the horrid Scene. How beautiful and expressive is the following relative Passage from *Rowe*:

*While Woman, Sense and Nature's easy Fool,
If poor weak Woman swerves from Virtue's
Rule,*

*If strongly charm'd, she leaves the thorny Way,
And in the softer Paths of Pleasures stray:
Ruin ensues, Reproach and endless Shame,
And one false Step, entirely damns her Fame:*

In

*In vain with Tears, the Loss she may deplore,
 In vain look back, on what she was before,
 She sets like Stars, that fall to rise no more.* }

I shall conclude this Paper with the following Letter, which I found the other Day in rumaging over some old Manuscripts, wrote by a young Lady of Distinction, after her deviation from Virtue. But before I begin the Letter, I shall give some Account of the Gentleman to whom it was addressed.

Endymion is of foreign Extraction, and joins the Gaiety of his Country to the Saturnine Genius of the Inhabitants of this Island. He has a Fund of Wit, and a great Share of Diffimulation, which supplies the Place of a more noble Passion; he has likewise a Stock of Tears, Oaths, and Vows, which he makes use of against the Female World, and the proudest Heart which graces the Circle has paid Homage to his Charms; thus has he brought Ruin and Desolation on many unhappy Families.

The undone Clarinda, to the inhuman, detestable, and most wicked of his Sex, the perjured Endymion.

“ DOES not your Soul tremble at
“ the Sight of my well-known Hand!
“ which, was you here, would revenge
“ me of thy Perjuries! Oh! why did I
“ ever listen to thy Tales of Love! why
“ did my Soul hang on thy Lips, and
“ dissolve itself into Tenderness! But,
“ alas! when you appeared, my charm’d
“ Heart knew no other Happiness; Per-
“ suasion dwelt upon your Tongue, and
“ every Word was sacred! I listened with
“ profound Attention, and bless’d in your
“ Company, I look’d with a Stoical Apa-
“ thy on the gay and vain Amusements of
“ the idle and busy World! For your Sake,
“ I left the Flowery Path of Virtue, and
“ without due Reflection, entered a thorny
“ Road, my Steps were utter Strangers to!
“ O thou most detestable of thy Sex!
“ How didst thou dare to take Advantage
“ of my Love and Weakness, to triumph
“ over my Honour! Noble Triumph!—
“ to

“ to ruin a Woman,—who ador’d you!—
 “ O may that fatal Hour ne’er rise to my
 “ tortur’d Fancy, lest I forget myself, and
 “ grow a Curser of the Works of Nature!
 “ —Pride, Birth, Honours, and Distinc-
 “ tions, forgot for thee, thou vilest of the
 “ Human Race! My high Birth and For-
 “ tune, Friends, and Relatives, all left—
 “ for you!—Be gone, foolish Tears! nor
 “ thus blot the Paper! which I could wish
 “ was wrote with Poison, or with Dag-
 “ gers, that every Word might stab thy
 “ unfaithful Heart! for thou hast robbed
 “ me of my Peace, my spotless Fame,
 “ and Virgin Vows! —all buried in thy
 “ Arms!

“ O thou my Guardian Angel! Why
 “ wert thou in that Moment careless of thy
 “ Charge? Why did you not snatch me
 “ from the impending Gulph of Ruin and
 “ Dishonour, that opened wide its gaping
 “ Jaws to receive the undone *Clarinda*!
 “ Oh! *Endymion*, if ever Despair, if ever
 “ Distress touched your Soul, compassionate
 “ my Woes, and pity me! I who thought
 “ no Heaven equal to thy Love! and
 what

“ what is my Reward? thou! even thou
“ desertest me, and leaves me to racking
“ Infamy!

“ Dost thou not dread, perjur'd as
“ thou art, the Vengeance of Almighty
“ Jove! Those Oaths, those Vows, are
“ register'd in Heaven, and call for Judg-
“ ments on thee! Hast thou a Heart?
“ And is it not touch'd with Pity for my
“ Sufferings? No! insensible as thou art!
“ Pity and Compassion are Strangers to
“ thy Nature!—But remember, there is
“ a God! who sees and knows the inmost
“ Secrets of our Hearts, into his Hands
“ do I commit the Justice of my Cause.

“ Farewell! thou base Destroyer of Vir-
“ gin Innocence! and may *Alecto*, with
“ her Whip of Scorpions, be allotted as
“ a Punishment for your Crimes.

“ *War, Death, Destruction, in her Hand she*
“ *bears,*

“ *Her curling Snakes with hissings fill the Place,*

“ *And open all the Furies of her Face.*

“ *Her Chains she rattles, and her Whips she*

“ *Cburning her bloody foam.* [shakes,

“ And

“ And when next we meet ! may I be
 “ surrounded with all the Wretches whom
 “ thy Villainy has made miserable ! Then
 “ will your Soul shudder to hear us im-
 “ precate that Vengeance, which you so
 “ justly Merit !——

“ Farewell ! and remember——

Z

CLARINDA !”

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ESSAY VIII.

*Hourly his learn'd Impertinence affords
 A barren Superfluity of Words,
 The Patient's Ears remorseless he assails,
 Murthers with Jargon where his Med'cine fails.*

GARTH'S DISP.

MUCH of my Time being employed
 in perambulating most of the pub-
 lick and private Streets, together with the
 endless Variety of Lanes and Alleys in
 this Metropolis, to make my Observations,
 it is a general Rule with me to have a large
 Folio Bible (a Present of my Great Grand-
 mother's) open on my Table ; and left any
 of

of my Time should be spent in vain, I take the first short Verse which presents itself to view in the Chapter then before me, and ruminare upon it (while I dress myself for my daily Walk) with a Pleasure, equal in my Opinion, to that which some Part of the Literary World enjoy when they quid the enliv'ning Juice of Pigtail. The Words which yesterday engaged my Thoughts were these, *He that sinneth before his Maker, let him fall into the Hand of the Physician.* As I have liv'd for some Years past at the Court End of the Town, I am mighty apt, whether by any secret Influence of the Air, or whether by Custom only, to comply with every great Man in his Opinion, and pin my Faith, without Reluctance, upon his Sleeve: And as my present Author has had the general Appellation of one of the Wisest among Men, I entirely acquiesced with his Judgment, and upon the Strength of that began to draw what Inferences I could from the Words, while my Feet were employed in carrying their Master into the City, and brought me insensibly out of the Court

Court Climate. I should not, indeed, have so soon perceived this Transition, had I not by being so deeply lost in Thought run myself full Tilt against one of those Phantoms of Science, whose livelihood depends on Exhibiting at each bye-corner of the Streets, in printed Bills, the Charitable Invitations of more *Galen's* than ever yet in any Age were known. And tho' by his meagre Face and penitential Phiz, he seemed not long since to have left the *Lock Hospital*, he was (regardless of the Inclemency of the Weather) most busily employed in pasting up his Directions to the assiduous Votaries of *Venus*, on which I saw a Variety of Names in bloody Characters, most of which, *after much Pains, many Years Experience, constant Attendance, and visiting most Parts of the Globe by Sea and Land, I found had taken the regular Degree of M. D. at Salamanca.* Here, thought I, were Counsellors in plenty, and happy did I think this Nation in being blest with Men (descended I suppose from *Machaon* and *Japis*, who shine so much in Ancient History) who seemed to bid defiance

fiance to the rude Assaults of that Grim Tyrant Death, in having Remedies for every Disease.

While I was contemplating upon the surprising Virtues of their great and unwearied Application to the Physical Medicines—the incredible Cures performed by their Art, all which was attested with the Signs Manual of many Persons who had experienced their salutary Effects, I received a violent Blow on my Shoulder, accompanied with this Couplet,

*Thought! Thou worst of Fiends below,
Vanish by this Magick Blow.*

I immediately turn'd myself round and saw it was my old Friend *Jack Bleedwell*, to whom I communicated my Thoughts upon the Subject, on which my Eye had for some Moments past been riveted, quoting the Words of the wise Son of *Sirach*. But to my no small Surprise, my Friend did not chime with my Opinion. He was indeed pleased to say, that Physicians were of all Men most happy, *for the Earth concealed their Failings, and the World proclaimed their Virtues:*

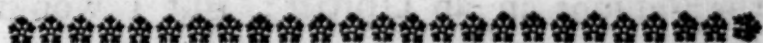
Affuring me, with an Oath, that to his certain Knowledge the Bills of Mortality increased every Week, according to the Increase of those Empyricks, whose Habitation is for the most Part so high exalted, that they near surpass the tow'ring Reach of Scandal: Or, as *Garth* in his *Dispensary* most elegantly has described it,

*An inner Room receives the num'rous Shoals
Of such as pay to be reputed Fools :
Globes stand by Globes, Volumes on Volumes lye,
And Planetary Schemes amuse the Eye.
The Sage in Velvet Chair here lolls at ease,
To promise future Health for present Fees.
Then, as from tripod, solemn shams reveals,
And, what the Stars know nothing of, foretells.*

But as this Determination of my Friend's is greatly derogatory to the wise Apothegm of *Sirach's* Son, I think it would be of singular Advantage to this Nation, if there were some Prohibition, or at least an heavy Fine laid upon those who should destroy any of his Majesty's Subjects, especially at this Time when they might make their Exit much more to their Credit, and the Satisfaction of their Friends, in the Bed
of

of Honour, which lies so wide extended on the *German* Plain, than die inglorious here at Home. Or at least, if People must be hurried off this Stage of Life before their Time, it would not be amiss to have that Power confined to the Coll---ge of Phy---ns only.

Y Y



ESSAY IX.

*In Men we various ruling Passions find,
In Women two, alone divide the Kind;
Those only fix'd, they first or last obey,
The Love of Pleasure, and the Love of Sway.*

POPE.

DOMINION is undoubtedly a reigning and predominant Characteristic of Womankind; it is the Goal and ultimate End of their Ambition, the *ne plus ultra* of all their Designs and Machinations; and at certain Seasons, in despite of the boasted Superiority of Mankind, and in defiance of our Prerogative, will they soften us into their own Opinions and Passions; yet at the same Time have an apparent

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Implicitly to the Sentiments of the Man, that they may the more easily bring him to their own Opinions. Women so far may be said to work the Passions mathematically, and by Indirections find Directions out. Low and vulgar Minds, indeed, will absolutely infuse Contrarieties and Oppositions, cause immediate Fermentations, and set the Passions in an Uproar: But I would be understood to speak of the polite World, who have a peculiar Method of being genteelly impertinent, and complaisantly dissentive from all you approve.

Submitting our Opinions to the Determination of Women before Marriage, is not only a Compliment paid to their Beauty, but we receive with Pleasure the Commands of that Beauty, to which we have surrendered all our Passions, and to which the Heart pays an implicit Resignation. But when once the Marriage is performed, the Husband is supposed, from a Principle of Custom, to take the Reins of Government into his Hands, and the Wife is supposed to obey. Perhaps this Dominion in the Man was originally founded
on

on a Supposition, or rather Certainty, that he was better acquainted with the World, and inured to more Hardships; and consequently better able to stand against the Wiles and Temptations in Life, than the Inexperience and Delicacy of Women, which, joined to their antient Ferocity and Dominion in War, made their Advice and Opinions generally revered in all Matters relative to our external Conduct, and the social Duties of Life.

Had Mankind confined themselves to such Dominion over Womankind, perhaps Things at this Time had subsisted with greater Harmony between the two Sexes. But Men were certainly to blame, by making the first Essays, and such extraordinary Strides, to arbitrary Power. What business had *Lycurgus*, instead of seeing a due Execution of his Laws and Military Duty, to be poking his Nose over a Chauldron of black Broth, which the *Spartan* Women could have cook'd full as well as himself? Or, What occasion had *Hercules* to be running among the Wenches, and shewing them how to spin? These, to mention no others,

were certainly Innovations not to be born : The Women saw that as Custom had given Mankind the Dominion in the Affairs of Life, they illegally were endeavouring at a Usurpation in those of the House ; and therefore wisely combined to ward against these Attempts of the Men, by practising all their Arts and Designs to throw the Tables upon them, and take all the Dominion out of their Hands.

They have indeed, from Time to Time, succeeded to a Miracle ; and in their Turn, not only now assume the Dominion over their Tea-cups and Kettles, but look abroad, and direct the good Man in his Conduct in Life : So that the real Prerogative of Man, like the Liberties of *Magna Charta*, has only the Shadow of what it once enjoyed. Yet such is our strange Infatuation, that every one not only thinks himself free from such Dominion, but would also think it an Insult on his Understanding to be supposed labouring under such an unmanly Existence, who perhaps at the same Time is the private Derision of all his Acquaintance, who are laughing
at

at the Length of his Ears, while their own, at the same Time, are too long to be concealed under their Night-caps.

Various are the Methods by which modern Women attain to their Sovereignty, and may not improperly be divided into three Classes : STORMERS, EOLIANS, and SAPPERS. The first are indeed the most violent in their Attacks, and generally soon bring Matters to an Issue.

The STORMERS begin their Hostilities by laying a Pair of Breeches between the two Combatants, with this Proviso, that the Winner be the Wearer; which never fails bringing Matters soon to a Conclusion. I remember a Story of a new-married Couple, who a few Weeks after were deeply engaged in an Affair of this Kind; and a Person knocking at the Door, and demanding if he was the Master of the House, " Friend, (said the Man) if you will walk " in and sit down, I will let you know " soon; but it is at present a Matter in " dispute."

But your middle Sort, or EOLIANS, are the most difficult to be overcome: These conquer merely by Strength of Voice, and Volubility of Sound. They indeed avoid Blows; but nevertheless their Jargon is much more disagreeable; and to use the Term of *Petulant*, in the *Way of the World*, *Have such an everlasting Rotation of Tongue, that an Echo must wait till they die, before it bears their last Words.* These never fail of Conquest; but conquer like a generous Enemy with the Flag displayed; while the good Man enlists under the Banner, that by such private Submission he may have Liberty to carry sometimes the Appearance of Dominion in the Face of the World, and becomes a Sort of conjugal speaking Trumpet, thro' which his Wife utters her Sentiments, and the Husband proclaims them abroad; who, with the Face of Dominion, and Appearance of unopposed Prerogative, dictates to his wondering Companions the Methods of reducing a Wife to her due Subjection. The Character of *Le Medicine* in the *Anatomist* is of this Sort: Monsieur Gerard, like a true Philosopher among Women, observes the

the Necessity of obtaining the Consent of *Madame* for his Daughter's Marriage; but the blustering Empyric, like many modern Husbands, would not have it supposed he had not the Dominion of a Husband in his own House; *If (said he) moy Woife presume to countradict moy Weel, she shall sune see, vat Metal I am make of.* In which the Doctor was certainly in the right; for at the Interview, when the good Woman dissented from the Proposal, and reprimanded him for his Forwardness in concluding a Matter of that Importance, without her Opinion, she found the Metal he was made of, to be truly malleable.

I remember a Knot of Tradesmen, who, when Occasion offered, would spend their Threepence together at a neighbouring Ale-house; some of whose Wives, in order I suppose to get a refreshing Draught with their Husbands, and at the same Time to shew their conjugal Affection, would generally call at the Hour of Ten to admonish them Home, for fear of the Dew and the Rain. One, among the rest, never could observe this Infringement on the Preroga-

tive of Mankind, as he term'd it, without reflecting on the Weakness and Folly of some of his Companions, who obeyed their important Summons; and at the same Time exulting on his own Happiness, and the Dominion he maintained at Home: I am, said he, Lord of my House; I am *Abraham*, and she is *Sarah*; and when Authority is needful, I am even *Cæsar* himself. The good Woman, who finding it past her Husband's usual Time, having just entered to enquire for him, and hearing this sovereign Speech, laid her Hand on his Shoulder, and with great Composure replied, *Then, pray Mr. Cæsar walk home, and mop the Parlour.* The pacific *Cæsar* obeyed, while *Caliphurnia* sat down to empty the Pot with his Companions.

But your SAPPERS, of all others, are the most to be dreaded. These good Creatures would by all Means enjoy the Reputation of being obedient Wives, and wonder how any Woman can be so absurd and indelicate, as to attempt at that filthy Dominion of wearing the Breeches; are surpriz'd a Woman can reflect so much
on

on her own good Understanding, as to give the World room to suppose her so extremely short-sighted, as to make Choice of a Man for a Husband, who could tamely submit to such an Incroachment on his Prerogative. It is not every Man that is able to withstand these Attacks: We are apt to suppose Artifice to be foreign from the Heart of such a Woman: We are hurt, not with the Fire, but the Recoil of the Gun; or, like the Natives of *Syracuse*, look with Security on the Sun, while the Reflexion from the Glass of an *Archimedes* burns us to Death: And the more Liberty we seem to possess, the more we are generally entangled. A Man is, as it were, *tickled out of his Understanding*. One of these Women would not be so impolite as immediately to contradict you, but commonly scold with the Academy of Compliments in their Hands: Their Superiority always seems to arise from their good Nature, from their Willingness that the good Man should not misunderstand Things, and from a Sort of Self-conviction of their being better informed than the rest of the World. “ My dear

“ Life, it so concerns me to see you ex-
 “ pose yourself in this Manner, you cannot
 “ imagine how unhappy it makes me. I
 “ blush’d to hear you advance such an
 “ Absurdity.” Nay, my Dear, I am sure
 I spoke with Lord *Title* to-day about the
 Affair, and I know his Authority is very
 good. “ That I believe, replies the good
 “ Lady ; but you must certainly misun-
 “ derstand him : I would not presume,
 “ my Dear, to contradict you ; for I know
 “ you will have your Way ; and to be sure
 “ it is proper you should, but I know it is
 “ impossible.” But, my Dear, I tell you,
 says the good Man—“ Nay, my good
 “ Love, replies the Lady, it shall be so ;
 “ I know you are in the right—indeed
 “ you are never wrong ; but I’ll suffer
 “ Martyrdom if there is a Word of Truth
 “ in the whole Matter.”—But, my Dear,—
 “ Nay, I tell you, I agree to it ; do you
 “ hear me contradict you ?”—Thus, in a
 little Time, from the pure Spirit of Com-
 plaissance, the good Man, perhaps, is brought
 to doubt, if the Evidence of his own Ears
 and Eyes is to be depended upon ; while
 the

the good Woman, in secret, triumphs at every little Acquisition of the Kind, which she looks upon as so many secret Risings to perfect Dominion; while the good Man is reverencing her Sentiments, thinks himself mistaken, and, perhaps, don't think there is a more obliging and affectionate Wife in the Bills of Mortality; but hears with secret Applauses every Sentiment of her Heart; or, in the Phrase of Dr. *Swift*, amidst this impertinent and arrogant Affability,

*You see the booby Husband sit,
In Admiration at her Wit.*

Fondness that arises from the Junction of two affectionate Persons generally lays the Foundation for this Weakness; and the Perfections we first discover in the Possession of a fine Woman, attract our Minds to Doatage, and an implicit Resignation to the Will of the Conqueror; whose Heart, although ever so full of Love, has yet always a Place to admit the reigning Passion, Dominion; and of this she takes Advantage in the Infancy of a Man's Affections, who rather than ruffle the Sunshine of her
Smile,

Smile, or cloud those Charms he so admires, gives into all the little Prettineſſes, and immaterial Requeſts of his fond Partner; and with Pleaſure ſubmits to Matters of little Moment, till from further Allurements, ariſe greater Condeſcenſions; and the unwary Huſband is inveigled out of his Dominion and manly Prerogative, by unſeaſonable Kiſſes and ill-timed Careſſes, till like *Hercules* he holds the Diſtaff, while his *Dejanira*, with the Smiles of Felicity, prepares the poiſoned Shirt that will one Day torment him: For theſe Allurements, that in the Sunſhine of our Affections rather trepan than attract our Inclinations, will, when the Sun ſets in the Horizon of Beauty, decline with it; and unleſs the Decay of our Beauties are ſupported by a good Underſtanding, and a real Affection, aſſiſted by a Reverence of each other's good Senſe, the Glare of Charms will ſet in endleſs Night: And when that proves (as it does too often) the Caſe in many Inſtances, the Man tugs in vain to free himſelf from her Shackles, from her Aſſumption, from that abſurd Dominion ſhe has too long uſurp'd,
he

he then feels the Consequences of his ridiculous Condescensions. — But, alas ! it is then too late to unravel that Knot, which Folly and Impertinence has twisted too hard for his greatest Efforts : It is now these Imprudences, in the Infancy of Marriage, begin to shew themselves ; there is nothing then to support his Esteem ; and the Man, enrag'd to have been so long dup'd by the Coquetry and Artifice of a Woman, becomes fullen and resentive.— Prudence therefore, at least on the Part of a Man, should oppose, or remonstrate the Folly and Absurdity of those Attempts ; for whatever Notion a Woman may have of attracting the Esteem of the World by such Behaviour, she certainly must fall in the Regard of the Wise, by such Attempts ; and instead of being applauded for thus undermining the Affections of a Husband, and by Means of her Beauty to usurp a Dominion, is sure in Time to degenerate from a SAPPER to an EOLIAN, and from thence to a STORMER ; and ought to tie their Breast-knots in the Shape of a Pair of Breeches, in order to be avoided by
Women

Women of Prudence, and rejected by
Men of Understanding.

X



ESSAY X.

Γυναικὸς ὅδε χρῆμ' ἀνὴρ λήζεται

Ἐθλῆς ἄμεινον, ὅδε ρίγιον κακῆς. SIMONIDES.

*Of earthly Goods the best, is a good Wife;
A Bad, the bitterest Curse of Human Life.*

I HAVE the Pleasure of being acquainted with a very agreeable Gentleman, who some Years ago married a young Lady with 30,000*l*. I went among the rest of his Friends to congratulate him upon his Marriage, and was received by his Lady in so polite and genteel a Manner, that I thought my Friend had made a very agreeable Choice. Being extremely intimate with him, I had the Liberty of his Table whenever I pleased; and as they never dined without five and five and a Desert, the Appearance of Company at their usual Hour of Dining never disconcerted them.

For

For more than three Years I could not help observing, with the utmost Pleasure, such an Appearance of conjugal Harmony; no domestic Jars, no dissonant Sounds, disturbed the Tranquility of their softer Moments; all was Joy, Happiness, and connubial Love. But judge my Surprise, when dining with them the Beginning of last Summer with a great deal of Company, she took every Opportunity to scold the Servants, and affected a Superiority of Behaviour even to her Husband, which I confess I could not have thought her capable of. This alarmed me greatly, especially as I observed the Effect it had on Mr. *Meanwell*; but I was willing to attribute her Behaviour to some Disappointment she might perhaps have met with, and took my Leave soon after Dinner prepossessed with that Thought.

A few Days after I called at their usual Hour of Dining, and was received by Mr. *Meanwell* with Expressions of the warmest Friendship, but with Looks of Coldness from his Lady, which fully determined
me

me never more to trouble her with my Company. When the Dinner was served up, she began as before to scold the Servants first, and after them her Husband, taking care every now and then to remind him, how great a Fortune she had brought him, and therefore thought herself intitled to all the Respect which could possibly be paid to any of her Sex. My Friend coloured, bit his Lips, and was in great Confusion ; yet, nevertheless, had the Prudence to make her no Answer. The Servants, by their Looks, seemed so well used to this Behaviour of their Lady, that they did not seem in the least affected. For my own Part, I eat my Dinner in profound Silence, and retired as soon as Decency would permit me to my own Lodging, where I could not help reflecting on the Behaviour of Mrs. *Meanwell*, so different from that Sweetness for which I had so often remarked her ; nor could I imagine to what this Change might be attributed.

It was some Time after this before I had the Pleasure of seeing Mr. *Meanwell* again, and that only by Accident at a Coffee-house :

house: He enquired with some concern what he had done to offend me, that I had not favoured him with my Company as usual; to this I answered, I had of late been so much engaged with some Relations from *Somersetshire*, that I had no Opportunity to pay my Respects to him; but to speak the Truth, continued I, your Lady received me with such an Appearance of Coolness, and her Behaviour in general is so much altered, that I must beg leave to be less frequent in my Visits. I found Mr. *Meanwell* was confused; but taking me by the Hand, My dear Friend, said he, I am sorry the Behaviour of my Wife should deprive me of the Company of so valuable a Friend; but you must observe, that I am not so happy as formerly; too late, I find, that Fortune alone cannot make me happy. You must know when I married *Clarinda*, I had no Fortune; but I was in *Chancery* for an Estate of 1000 *l. per Ann.* which, by the Roguery of some Witnesses, was about three Months ago determined against me, and I was obliged to pay my own Costs: 'Tis this which has soured the Temper of my Wife, and made her throw off

off the Mask; for as long as she thought I might enjoy a Fortune superior to her own, her Behaviour was all Sweetness and good Nature; but when once she found my Law-suit was determined against me, and that I was now dependent upon her, the Tables were turned, and she takes every Opportunity to assure me of her Superiority, affronts my best Friends, and treats me with a Haughtiness which I cannot submit to. He then made me promise to dine with him as usual, before he would suffer me to take my Leave. Accordingly the Week following I paid him a Visit, and found Madam in high good Temper; she received me with a Smile on her Countenance, and her good Humour lasted till the second Course was put on the Table.

I was not a little pleased at this Alteration, and began to think the good Lady had seen her Error, and that my Friend would be again happy. I saw his honest Heart exult with Joy at this pleasing Behaviour; Good-nature sat in his Looks, and his Countenance shewed the Satisfaction of his Heart: But, alas! this Sunshine in
the

the Lady's Looks but preceded a dreadful Storm, for the Servant unfortunately put one of the Dishes in a wrong Place, which provoked the Lady in such a Manner, that she called him Fool, Blockhead, besides many other Epithets equally delicate. The Fellow begged her Pardon for the Mistake he had committed, but told her at the same Time, that his Name was—*James*. This Aggravation of his Insolence, as she termed it, provoked her beyond Measure, and she turn'd pale with Anger and Vexation. Mr. *Meanwell*, whose Countenance had dropped from the Beginning of this important Quarrel, sat silent, till Madam roused him from his Lethargy, by asking him, how he could sit like a tame Fool, and see her insulted by her own Servants; upon this he ordered *James* to quit the Room: I am very sorry, my Dear, replied Mr. *Meanwell*, to see you make yourself so uneasy about such a Trifle — Trifle, do you call it, Sir? What must your Friend think to see my Table spread in so absurd a Manner? Indeed, my Dear, answered he, my Friend (turning to me) has too much Good-nature

ture to make Reflections upon such a Trifle. Come, my Dear, for Shame! dispel that Cloud from your Countenance, and reassume your wonted Good-nature. Sir, answered she, when I married, I expected to have been treated with more Respect, I'm sure—my Fortune might demand it; but you are like the rest of your obstinate Sex, never in the wrong.

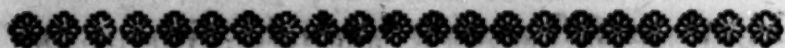
I now began to pity my unhappy Friend, whose Distress and Uneasiness sufficiently appeared in his Face. Madam, cried he, I must insist—Sir! (interrupting him) I will be heard. Then, addressing herself to me, Pray, Sir, says she, which of us are in the wrong? Indeed, Madam, said I, bowing, I must beg to be excused interfering in family Disputes; but if I must speak my own Sentiments, I think Mr. *Meanwell*—is not. I was much to blame, cried she, tossing up her Head, to refer our Dispute to so prejudiced a Person: Then, with a disdainful Smile, she added, I suppose you was afraid of losing a good Dinner—by siding with me; but since there

there are Eating Houses enough in *London* to entertain a Garreteer Poet in, I beg I may never see you in this again. This last Speech I found nettled Mr. *Meanwell* more than any Thing she had said; and rising instantly, in a Passion, Zounds, Madam, cried he, what do you mean? This Behaviour is insufferable, to insult my Friends, and expose both you and myself before the Servants. He then took hold of her Hand; while she struggled to get from him, I ran to my Hat, and made my Escape out of the House as fast as ever I could, without being taken Notice of by any one, with a full Determination never to enter it more.

Before I conclude this Paper, I cannot help observing, that it is a Rule in many Families to entertain their Guests during Dinner with Scolding their Servants. One Gentleman in particular, though, in other Respects, a good-natured friendly Man, always takes the Opportunity when Company dines with him, to shew his Authority by scolding his Footman, which is sure to put his Family in Confusion, affront his Guests, and take away the whole Pleasure
sure

sure of their Entertainment. I had much rather dine at an Eating House, as Mrs. *Meanwell* advised me, or where Freedom and Good-nature reigns, than at the Tables of the Great, to be entertained with the Ill-humour of the Mistress, affronted with the Master's scolding his Servants, robb'd of the Pleasure of my Dinner, and at length return home hungry and out of Temper.

Z



E S S A Y X I.

— *My House is grown so fine,
 Methinks I still would call it mine:
 I'm old, and fain would live at ease;
 Make me a Parson, if you please.* SWIFT.

AT what Time of Life the Doctor wrote these Lines I am not able to determine. But if it was after his Admission to the Deanery of St. *Patrick's*, he then most certainly *felt* as he wrote; but if it was when he returned disappointed from *Ireland*, to Lord *Oxford*, “in his
 “old Wig and dirty Gown,” as he terms it,

it, and wish'd nothing more than a Canonry of *Windsor*, it was certainly a Species of Irony so peculiar to himself on the Riches and Indolence of the superior Clergy.

There is, perhaps, no Disposition of Things in the *English* Nation, so partial as that of the Clergy in general: Some loll at Ease, and bowl it up and down in gilded Chariots, enjoying the Honours and Comforts of Life, while others bear the Burthen and Heat of the Day, labouring thro' the Toil of Service, and tramp on Foot through every dirty Street under the heavy Load of Oppression and Need: And, indeed, was the Prosperity and Affluence of the former, the Reward of Piety and true Learning, and the Inconvenience and Affliction of the latter, the Reproach of bad Morals and Dulness, Fortune would be impartial in her Dispensations, and we should have nothing to alledge against her: But as the Rewards in the Church have *always* arisen from the Interest and Caprice of the Great, not the Capacity or Piety of the Inducted, Merit, though but seldom considered

sidered in any Promotions in Life, becomes, in this of the Church, entirely neglected. .

To suffer a Clergyman to be poor, is absurd in the Nature of Things, as being both impolitical and *unconstitutional*. It is this Neglect of the Administerers of our Belief, that suffers the Opinion that other Nations conceive of our Religion, to be so low and contemptible. Was I, said the famous *Richelieu*, to change my Religion from that which I now profess, it would be for the Church of *England*, whose Followers certainly know themselves in the high Road to Heaven, they take so little Pains to reward the Assistance of their Conductors. This is certainly true in a Multitude of Instances, for how frequently do we see an officiating Curate, at 12 or 20*l.* a Year, doing the Duty of two or three Churches a Day, while the indolent Vicar feeds on the Income of 5 or 600*l.* *per Annum*; and regales himself with his Pipe and his Friend, instead of discharging that Duty necessarily incumbent upon his Profession.

In any other Nation, the Sight of a Priest of the most inferior Order fills at least the Vulgar with Reverence: In what esteem is not a Dervise held in *Turkey*, and other *Mahometan* Countries: In *Africa* the Obia Man and Magician are heard with the greatest Deference and Awe: The Priest of the *Pagan* Deities were held in most religious Esteem; and indeed good Manners, nay even common Sense itself, demands this of us, respecting them as the Vicegerents, Agents, and Disciples of that Being whom we serve, and to whom all Reverence is due: For however bad a Clergyman may be in his Morals, it is impolitic to put him in such a Situation of Life as may expose his Infirmities. *The Gown and Cassock should shew us nothing but Virtue; the outside at least, to the Vulgar, ought to appear good; and we should not suffer the Vices and Follies of Human Nature to appear through a torn Vest, a rented Cassock, or bad Peruke.*

But on the contrary we find, the scanty Allowance which the inferior Clergy have,

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exposes

exposes their Infirmities to the Eyes of the most Illiterate; who, considering them as Men, abounding with Vices like themselves, lose by degrees the Respect they not only owe to Them, but even to the Deity they represent. How common is it for a Clergyman to ride twenty or thirty Miles on a Sunday, tie his Horse to a Stake, put on his Gown at a hedge Alehouse, and gabble over the Service almost unintelligibly, in order that he may be Time enough for the next Parish; besides this, he is too often obliged, the better to maintain his Family, to sell a Glass of good Ale, and fatten Swine; of which Parson *Trullaber*, in *Joseph Andrews*, is no bad Epitome: Indeed, if the Church will not allow their Agents a sufficient pecuniary Support, they must unavoidably turn their Hands to somewhat by which their Families may be maintained; as it is presumed these Clerical Drudges cannot Work the Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes, nor command the Stones to be made Bread.

It is a well known fact, that the Clergy are not only the most idle, but the most dissipated of the Nation.

It is from hence, however surprising it may appear in a Nation so famous for unbounded Charities, that a *real* Club some Time ago subsisted among the needy Clergy in the Neighbourhood of *Broad St. Giles's*; I wish I could say it did not exist at present; where, on a Pinch, you may from some Score pick any one you please to officiate a Service, at a very easy Rate; and Men of Genius and Education too; I wish I could say Morals: By this Means the Service is often read over with that Indolence and Inattention we too often discover, by the Hungry, and perhaps intoxicated Curate, that he may the sooner procure the welcome Twelve-pence as a Reward.

I knew an Instance, within these few Years, of a Vicar of a Parish within a Mile North West of *London*, who enjoyed much greater Preferment than one in ten of his Profession; and, as he was unmarried, it is to be supposed he had no Family to support; yet three Pluralities could not destroy his innate Avarice. One particular Instance of which is this following: A Fu-

neral being to be performed at his Church one Evening, it unfortunately happened that he was invited to attend the Child of a principal Parishioner at the same Hour; and being of Opinion he should get more by the Living than the Dead, sent for a Deputy, with whom he agreed for *Two Skillings and Six-pence* to assist at the Funeral. But the industrious Vicar, finding his Reward much less than he expected, returned in all haste to save his half Crown at the Funeral; and entered the Church-yard half out of Breath, his Hat in one Hand, his Handkerchief in the other, and his Wig half Back on his Head to relieve the Perspiration and reeking of his Brain, just at the very Time his Deputy was walking with great Solemnity before the Corse, and pronouncing that august Sentence, *I am the Resurrection and the Life, and who so believeth in me shall never die.* This gave Wings to the Feet of the Vicar, who arriving at the Moment, pushed away the assiduous Curate, and with great Asseration declared, No, No, It is *I* that am the Resurrection and the Life, and who-so-ever believeth in *ME* shall never die; And
proceeding

proceeding in the Ceremony, dismissed the Curate, without any farther Satisfaction, than an offer of a Dinner the *Sunday* following, *in case* he dined at Home.

If they who are possessed of the Conveniences of Life, descend to these Indecencies and Indecorums in the Administration of their Functions, no wonder those who are oppressed by Need, discharge their Duties with Inattention. Poverty and Distress robs a Man of that Serenity and Calmness of Heart, which the Affluent enjoy. It is true, Poverty was peculiar to the primitive Disciples, but then they followed the Example of their Master, and consequently wished no greater Bliss; and I will venture to affirm, that the inferior Clergy have so much Piety and Morality remaining, that they would be happy and contented in their Condition, if the rest of the Church, from the Archbishop of *C—ter—y* to the Vicar of *Bray*, would obey the Orders of *Christ*, and *sell all that they have and give unto the Poor; that they might lay up for themselves Treasures in Heaven, where nei-*

ther Moth nor Rust doth corrupt, and where Thieves do not break through nor steal.

But we find, that notwithstanding the dignified and pluralised Clergy recommend *Christ* as a Pattern to the Laity, they themselves are by no Means willing to follow his Directions. It has indeed been a general Observation, that if any Thing clashes with THEIR Method of Living, they turn *that* into pure Allegory, while what their Conduct or Purpose favours is to be implicitly believed. *If a rich Man must never enter the Kingdom of Heaven*, our Clergy must either be *Madmen*, or *Unbelievers*. *Lay not up to yourselves, says Christ, Treasures upon Earth*; then he who thirsts for Pluralities disobeys the Orders of his Master. *Take no Thought for To-morrow what you shall eat, or what you shall drink*—Their very Bellies declare their Disobedience.—Again, *Sell all that you have, and give unto the Poor* :—But they, in this Case, prefer the profane Proverb, *Charity begins at home*, to the Orders of *Christ*. In one Respect, indeed, they follow the Doctrine and Orders of their Master; *Follow me*,
said

said he, *and I will make you Fishers of Men*; which is to this Day literally true; for their Finger is a Hook with which they catch the Tenth-part of our Productions.

I would not be supposed to treat Religion, or the Officers of the Almighty, ludicrously or irreverently, while their Actions correspond with the Duties of their Functions: But while they preach Rules, Orders, and passive Obedience, an implicit Belief in the Words of the Scripture, of Charity, Peace, Compassion, and all the Train of Virtues that ought to possess the good Man; and at the same Time neglect such glaring and manifest Orders of their Master, such good and moral Precepts as those before-mentioned, I mean as far as Human Nature will admit of their Conformance, I forget they are Administrators of Religion, and look upon them as a Set of Men who are aiming to talk me into an Opinion which they themselves disbelieve, or at least do not think worth following: who would only shew us the Strength of their Virtues in the Fineness of their Sleeves; and amidst all their emphatical Conversa-

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tion,

tion, their Encomiums on Mercy, Brotherly Love, and Christian Charity, suffer a Set of learned and good Men, to drag through Life with all the Train of Ills that attend Poverty and Distress; who have nothing in this Life remaining, to calm and alleviate their Afflictions, but a sure Confidence that God cannot tell an Untruth; and *That a rich Man*, especially a rich PARSON, who is destitute of Charity towards his necessitous Brethren, *will never enter the Kingdom of Heaven.* X.



E S S A Y XII.

Hic vivimus ambitiosa

Paupertate omnes.—

Juv. Sat. 3. v. 185.

The Face of Wealth in Poverty we wear.

MY Friend, *Ned Ranger*, whom I have introduced to your Acquaintance in the first Number of these Essays, under the Denomination of a Rake, I find to have been a young Fellow of some Parts and Vivacity, of good Education, and strict Honour; but like many other young
Fellows

Fellows in Life, is fond (as he styles it) of seeing the World, and studying Men and Manners; which *Ned* thinks consists in scouring the Streets, beating the Watch, getting gloriously drunk, laying now-and-then in a Watch-house, and twice a Year at least, paying his Respects in form to one of the *Quorum*.

Yet with all this outward Shew of Debauchery, *Ned* is not what we call a mere Man of the Town, but makes these Excursions occasionally, in order to keep up the Spirit and Vivacity of a smart Fellow among his Acquaintance.

You must know, *Ranger* is the younger Son of an old Country Gentleman of genteel Fortune in *Cheshire*, who from a Principle I believe not easily accounted for, but too generally practised, will not give him that genteel Assistance his Education and Birth entitles him to, till after his Decease, or, in the Phrase of *Ned*, till it is out of his Power to keep it any longer. It is true, every *Christmas* he makes him a Present of a cool Hundred; on which *Ned* must subsist

till the succeeding *Christmas*; so that the young Rogue, press'd in his Circumstances, has recourse to his Wits to help him out; and sometimes a lucky Cast sets him afloat on the Stream of Fortune. *Ned* frequents the best Company, and is in every Respect a finish'd Gentleman of *Taste*; has a very genteel back Room on the second Floor at a Milliner's in *Wych-Street*; but has deferr'd paying his Rent these three Years, by promising to make his Landlady Mrs. *Ranger*, as soon as his Father dies; and being conveniently situated for both Play-houses, the *Temple* Coffee-houses, and the disputing Club, *Ned* lives contented, and, as it were, retired from the World, amidst all its Hurry and Confusion; is a perfect Oeconomist, seldom rises before Twelve, and always, when at home, lays in his flannel Waistcoat, to keep his Shirt clean, for a second Day. You would laugh to see *Ned* in his Morning's Dishabille; he rises in an old black Coat, left him for Mourning at his Grandfather's Funeral; Linen drawers, a triara of Night Caps, no Stockings, and a Pair of his old Shoes, most œconomically converted into Slippers, and never
 washes

washes his Hands till after Dinner, to preserve them white and soft. The Maid, who knows his Custom, brings him every Morning his half-penny Roll, unless Yesterday's Half is remaining, and his Saucer of Butter, which, if not used, is generally reserved for the ensuing Morning; with this, and a Pennyworth of the *very best Lisbon* Sugar, over a snug Fire, and a Dish of Bohea, he, like *Cæsar*, reflects on the Conduct of Yesterday, and *composes his Essays*, and sometimes when he is in Arrears with his Shoeblack, applies *Harding's* best shining Japan with amazing Dexterity; and no Man in *Europe* darns a Silk Stocking with greater Neatness. About three, *Ned* steals along the Croud, and makes a very comfortable Meal for Eight-pence at *Dolly's*; and sometimes, when the Finances are low, he snugs it in *Pottage-Pot-Alley* by *St. Martin's-Court*, with a thin Slice of boil'd Beef, for his Four-pence. Now would not any reasonable Man think my Friend *Ranger*, from these Instances of his Oeconomy, would save Money: Alas! quite the contrary; he only saves in the Meridian of his Day,

that he may live with the greater Splendor at Night; for, unless at his first Sally he is dress'd for the Auction or the *Park*, he returns soon after Dinner, and exchanges his Leather Breeches and *Yorkshire* Shoes, for *les culotes de veleure*, Silk Stockings, Dancing Pumps, Stone Buckles, and, when it is not at his Uncle's, his Lac'd Suit;—and when dress'd, is, in the Phrase of the Town, a very Gentleman-like Man; is mistaken, by those who do not know him, for a Man of Quality; and by those who pretend to do, as a Man of good Fortune, and a very pretty Fellow.—For *Ned*, in the Eye of the Town, is too much a Gentleman to have any settled Lodgings; and with Ladies of Honour, with whom, by the bye, *Ned* has some Intimacy, you will find him at the *Hummums* or *Pero's*; and with the Bloods, at *Haddock's* or *Farral's*; and, upon Occasion, never fails to have an Affignation with a Lady of the first Rank: “Has a tolerable Maintenance, but
 “ cannot persuade old Square-toes to throw
 “ in the other two Hundred, to make his
 “ yearly Pittance an even Thousand; but
 “ must be contented; Time and Patience,
 “ says

“ says *Ned*, with great seeming Philosophy, bring all Things to pass.” By these Methods he imposes on his Associates, is the Delight of the Women, the Envy of the Men, and the Mouth of the Coffee-house where he frequents. Always Break-fasts with some Lady or other, who is never any Thing less than a Member of Parliament’s Cousin; expatiates on the high Relish of the Ortolans he had To-day at Lord *Froth’s*, but never eat a Bit of Venison at Sir *Harry Shootwell’s*, that his damn’d Cook would ever keep to the true Flavour: As for Lady *Betty Blossom’s* Macaroni! sure never any Thing so excellent! I remember the last Autumn, Poor *Ned* was arrested for nine Pounds, and confin’d fourteen Days in the Spunging-house, who on his Return to his old Acquaintance, with a Command of Countenance peculiar to himself, swore he never had better Shooting in his Life, thought Lord *Covey* had the best Pointers in *England*, and was obliged to be downright rude, before he could prevail on his Lordship to let him come away.

Ned

110 *The* HUMOURIST.

Ned shines at the Play, at the After-count; chats with the Actresses, is perfectly intimate with the Orange-women, bows to the Flesh-boxes, and sometimes will give an obsequious Glance to the Wife of a Peer, when he observes she is attentive to the Performance, and then damns his unlucky Stars, that she should turn her Head, just as he was paying his Devoirs. From the Play, when Cash is full, he tries his Fortune with the best in the Kingdom. Sometimes, to keep up his Consequence, sups at *Tomkins's* with his Familiars at Half a Guinea a Head, gets princely drunk with some of Mrs. *Allen's* best, scours the Streets, beats the Watch, and lays in the Round-house——or spends a Night with a reigning Toast, with whom *Ned* always reverses the Custom, and gets paid himself; and sometimes, when Cash is low, and Girls unkind, he slides snugly home, regales himself with a Pint of humble Porter, a Welch Rabbit, and after carefully folding up his Holland Shirt, slips on his flannel Waistcoat, and goes to Bed.

Thus

Thus does *Ned*, by supporting the Figure of a Gentleman, become Company for the best; and, in reality, will sometimes foul a Plate with a Member of Parliament, which always furnishes *Ned* with a good Topic for a Month; but he has lately declined these Invitations, as the Vails for the Servants are too many for his Pocket, though he begins to comfort himself with the Hopes of more Success, from the present Prospect of the entire Annihilation, as he terms it, of that abominable Custom.

By this Means, *Ned* may be said to be an Oeconomist of the World; and by his Acquaintance with the Town, lives a tenth Part cheaper, with the same external Distinction and Magnificence, as if he really was possessed of a Fortune; which, says my Friend, proves the Necessity of a Man of Genius and Parts, being well acquainted with the Town, without falling into the *real* Vices of it; for *Ned* supposes his little Excursions to be only the Shadows of Evil. And as he is confident that there are a
Number

Number in the World of his own Stámp,
 he intends to inform the Club by what
 innocent Methods and Devices, he keeps
 up the Appearance of a Thousand a Year
 upon a single Hundred, engages the Esteem
 of the Women, the Respect of the Nobility,
 and the Reverence of all the Bucks
 and Bloods of his Acquaintance.

X.



ESSAY XIII.

*The Proverb holds; That to be wise and Love,
 Is hardly granted to the Gods above.
 A general Doom, on all Mankind is pass'd,
 And all are Fools or Lovers, first or last.
 This both by others, and myself I know,
 For I have serv'd their Sovereign long ago.
 Oft' have been caught, within the winding Train
 Of Female Snarés; and felt the Lover's Pain,
 And learn'd how far the God, can human Hearts
 restrain.*

DRYD. Pal. & Arc.

THE following *Essay on MATRIMONY*,
 which, by the Date, I find to have
 been written by the Philosopher at his Me-
 ridian

ridian of Life, I shall insert among the rest of his Performances, to shew what Conclusions he had drawn, from his own Observations on that State, and from his Experience in the Manners and Characters of Women :

SAY to what end was Marriage first consign'd,
Was it a Curb on lawless Love design'd,
Meant to abate the rising youthful Flame,
Or made the Means our Passions to restrain ?
That being join'd as one, we both might share 5
Its various Blessings, and its various Care ;
That kind and courteous should the Man appear
While Smiles and Virtue stand confest in her ?
But if these Joys, in *Hymen's* Bands were meant,
How do we deviate from the good Intent ? 10
Though bound to Concord, dissonant we grow,
And Love and Transport, yield to Wrath and Woe.

THE Ancients wrote of Laws and musty Rules,
And Scholars bring us Precedents from Schools :
To wondering Moderns, strange Traditions tell ! 15
How *Orpheus* went to seek his Wife in Hell.
But have not told us, if it flow'd from Grief,
Or wish—to know if *Satan* had her safe :
Zaleucus says, if once the Youth were caught
With *Grecian* Wives, their Eyes atton'd the Fault ; 20
Whence modern Critics may perhaps conclude
(Who in these Matters guess a little shrewd)

The

114 *The* HUMOURIST.

The good old *Grecian* once beheld his Wife
A little tripping, in the Ways of Life.
And finding soon, his Horns began to show, 25
Resolv'd the Planter ne'er should see them grow.

SUCH Laws as these, so rigid and abstruse,
No Christian Country sure would have in use.
Our modern Customs, more delighting grow,
Wives have Gallants, and ev'n support them too. 30
No loss of Eyes, or Nose, or Limbs he fears;
The Action now, a better Prospect wears.
The Lady pleas'd, the Business then is done:
The grateful Dame presents you to Sir *John*:
"My Dear,--here's *Billy Faddle*--give me Leave--
"A worthy Fellow"--"Good Sir *John*,--your
"Slave." 36

"Dear Sir,--*sans fauçon*--*Robin*, bring a Chair:
"This is an Honour, done me, I declare:"
"My Dear,--I think, To-day we dine at home?
"You're not engag'd--no Words--for you shall
"come!" 40

Thus introduc'd, they soon familiar grow,
And the Knight lives sworn Brother to the Beau.

THE Learned say, true Lovers should pursue,
What *Abelard* and *Eloisa* knew.
Such Love, in ancient Times, might gain repute, 45
But modern Dames, such Tenets now dispute.
The amorous Lads would think it wond'rous hard
Did every Lover prove an *Abelard*.

Dull

Dull Precepts, such as these, we now despise,
 And Love invites to more substantial Joys: 50
 Now *Pyramus* and *Thysbe* please no more,
 For one *they* kiss'd, the Moderns kiss threescore:
 No swimming now, through Oceans to possess
 The fleeting Transports of a single Kiss:
 No Wives now perish by their dying Lords, 55
 Nor prove their Love, by falling on their Swords.

ONCE into Flames would leap the blooming
 Embrace her Lord, and perish by his Side: [Bride,
 'Tis not so now, as these Traditions tell;
 No modern Wife, her Husband loves so well. 60
Narcissus like, for ever at the Glass,
 Adoring still the Beauties of her Face.
 Number, not Merit, still her Wishes crown,
 And all her Joy's to triumph in a Frown:
 No Matter then who feels her cold Disdain, 65
Her only Pleasure is in giving Pain.
 No Matter whence these Adulations come,
 In Serenades, in Billets, or at Home:
 External Objects only claim her Care,
 External Objects only she'll revere. 70

SAY, *Fanny*, why those blushes on thy Cheeks,
 When *Mævius* scribbles, or when *Mævius* speaks?
 Alike to thee his Wit, or false or true,
 He's only pleasing, when he's praising you.
 Conquest remains her ruling Passion still, 75
 But *Fanny* must not always have her will.
 Single,

116 *The* HUMOURIST.

Single, the Swain, beholds with Tears her Scorn,
Married, the Lover triumphs in his turn.

YOUNG *Pulvil*, Prince of Beaus, aspiring see,
With Coat superb, and elegant *Toupée*, 80
Formal in Grin, he steps in Minuet tread,
With Heels of Feather, and with Brains of Lead :
Each modern Grace and Excellence to show,
He grins, he lisps, and wriggles to a Beau.
With Arts like these, what Youth did ever fail ? 85
What Heart unmov'd, surveys him in the *Mall* ?
No wonder then, Miss *Tippet*, just from School,
Full of Romance, and amorous by Rule,
Surveys this Insect, with a bounding Heart,
So gilded, shining, buzzing and alert : 90
Ye Gods, she cries, how delicate he seems !
Not fairer Visions happen in my Dreams !
A handsome Leg—I vow—it gives me pain,
He don't observe me ; Lard, he's very vain.
But Merit, such as *Tippet* can disclose, 95
Goes not unheeded through a Crowd of Beaux :
He saw the Simper, and the leering Eye,
The Breast display'd, and artificial Sigh :
They meet—he moves his Hat—with Bow pro-
found,
And Madam curtsies—to the very Ground. 100
While he accosts, “ Dear Mem, your charming
“ Air,
“ Your Face, divine—so exquisitely fair,
“ Declare

“ Declare what Raptures center in those Arms,
 “ Dare I once hope for such *Elysian* Charms ?”

Tippet with transport hears the amorous Beau, 105
 While the red Cheek displays a radiant glow :

“ Lard, Sir,—I vow,—I wonder at your Wit,

“ Your Air, your Dress, and way of shewing it.

“ But as for Charms in me ! I would advise

“ Some more accomplish’d Lady for your Prize !”

“ In you, fair Charmer, all the Graces meet,

“ Behold your suppliant Lover at your Feet :

“ Your Smiles will cheer me ; but your Frowns

“ destroy !

“ O ! bid me rise to taste of Love and Joy !”

Say, who unmov’d, could hear the piteous Tale, 115

No wonder then, why *Pulvil* should prevail.

The happy Pair at Marriage Joys arrive,

Tippet fifteen, and *Pulvil* twenty-five.

Ask you, how long Affection there might last?

Attend the Tale; three Weeks are scarcely past 120

When *Pulvil* scorns the Beauty of his Bride,

She *Pulvil* hates, tho’ *Pulvil* was her Pride.

Perfume and Nonsense, now no longer charm,

And Love no more shall *Tippet*’s bosom warm,

What caus’d Affections, now Disgusts create, 125

They live politely, and politely hate ;

Pulvil with *Lucy*, *Tippet* pigs with *John*,

And separate Coaches roll them through the

Town.

SEE

SEE o'er the Plain, the rattling Chariot scours,
 When gay Sir *Rosée* drives his Brace of Whores. 130
 Health, Wealth and Fortune, on the Fair bestows,
 No other Joy the gay Sir *Rosée* knows:
 Each Girl he sees, in him new Flames create,
 To-day for *Moll*—to-morrow burns for *Kate*:
 While beauteous *Leda*, with uneasy Life 135
 Desponding sits, for *Leda* is—his Wife.
 But did not *Leda*, stand a Wife confest,
 She would be happy, and Sir—*Rosée* blest.

By Beauty caught, the hapless Youth betray'd,
 Beholds transported, the desiring Maid: 140
 Enraptur'd ev'ry opening Charm surveys, [Days.
 And thinks with her, what Joy would crown his
 Bliss undisturb'd, attend them should they wed,
 And *Hymen* nightly guard the Marriage-bed.
 Mistaken Man! this Beauty's but a Dream, 145
 When Marriage opens, and displays the Scene:
 Behind the Curtain, you may then retire
 See *Punch* disrob'd, and pull the quick'ning Wire:
 The charming Prospect, which did once delight,
 Will quickly die, and vanish from the Sight: 150
 Carmine shall paint Vermillion on her Cheek,
 And Puppy-water make the Visage sleek:
 The Forehead-cloth with thick Pomatum spread
 Shall smooth its Wrinkles, and perfume the Bed:
 Fine twisted Pigtail, help the stinking Breath, 155
 And *Greenough's* Tincture purify the Teeth.

The

The dog-skin Gloves conceal the Arms from sight,
And lin'd with Tallow, keep them smooth and
white:

The oil'd-skin Mask, in use at Night you'll find,
With Grease, Perfume, and *Spermaceti*, lin'd. 160
The torturing Pins secure her Hair in form,
And four thick Night-caps keep her Beauties
warm.

Thus will she nightly sleep in Masquerade,
And shew by Day, what Charms these Arts have
made. 164

BUT if these Charms, so plaister'd and begreas'd,
For nightly Pennance, give but daily Ease,
If the good Man, by Day, can with Delight
Survey the Visage he detests at Night,
Youth will decay, Infirmities come on,
What is there then, thou Fool, to doat upon? 170
The toothless Murmurs of thy grunting Spouse,
Continual Discords, and a dirty House:
Ill-nature, Strife and Care, around thee throng,
And drag thy hated, dreary Life along.

BUT Money proves the Loadstone of a Wife, 175
Money attracts and rivets us for Life.
Good with the Bad, the Fair with Foul we join,
A toothless Miser, with a Nymph divine.
A *Venus* venture, with a mungrel Moor,
An honest Rustic, rivet with a Whore. 180

Not

Not Love, but Gold, the youthful *Stella* charms,
 To take enfeebled *Cornu* to her Arms :
 Elate with Joy, her Eyes transported fix
 On *Cornu's* Riches, and his Coach-and-Six.
Sir Hothead see, for toothless *Anis* sighs, 185
 And anxious longs for matrimonial Joys.
 With her what Charms, what Extacies are found !
 When in his Arms he holds--*Ten Thousand Pound.*

HERE *Acis* tells how sweet his Spouse can kiss,
 And how transporting the connubial Bliss. 190
 And there Miss *Fanny*, who last Week became
 At once a bridal and distinguish'd Dame,
 Proud to be thought that precious Thing a Wife,
 So hugs and prattles with her dearest Life ;
 That e'en the Chariot, through the public Streets,
 Hides not her Actions from each Crowd she meets :
 When, at Quadrille, or more important Tea,
 She drags the pliant Coxcomb on her Knee.
 " One Bus, and then--my dearest Life," she cries :
 " I could not live without thee," he replies. 200
 The Guests surpris'd, survey the luscious Scene,
 And wonder what the Devil—they can mean.
 The happy Pair, thus overcharg'd with Love,
 We seldom find a long Continuance prove :
 The Man suffic'd, would gladly draw the Game ; 205
 Not so, perhaps, inclines the amorous Dame :
 " This one, and then--the Conqueror," she cries ;
 " The Honour's yours,—you've beat me,"—he
 replies : " Enough's

“ Enough’s as good,—and better than a Feast,
 “ Faith I shall prove but an unwelcome Guest:” 210
 My Dear, says she, *you thought it once a Treat*,
 That’s true, says he,—but now—I cannot eat.

TURKIES and Husbands, thus we find are
 tam’d,
 And coop’d in Wedlock, only to be cram’d :
 ’Tis true, the Taste is fine, the Meat is dainty, 215
 But then to have it always in such plenty !
 Plump Pheasant, Partridge, Olios, Fricassees,
 The choicest Dishes then would fail to please.
 Zounds was it *Helluo’s* Feast, a Barbacue,
 Nay more luxurious Turtle would not do ! 220
 Which skilfull *Chloe* at his Grace’s, says
 May be ragou’d an hundred different Ways :
 Important *Chloe*, who long Hours will waste,
 Preparing Dainties to regale the Taste,
 Perhaps will taste, and piddle here and there, 225
 But cannot cut *large Slices*, you may swear :
 For constant Picking only makes us crave,
 As sickly Stomachs know not what they’d have :
 For me, I think one good substantial Meah,
 Made on good Beef, or more delicious Veal : 230
 A Glas of Port, that’s bright, and free from dregs
 Beats forty Dinners made on Salt and Eggs.

BELIEVE me, Lady, as I am a Sinner,
 Give the good Man to-day a hearty Dinner,

G

Remove

Remove the Cloth, and lock the Victuals up, 235
 Replace the Bottle, and the genial Cup;
 And on the Morrow, when the Cloth is laid,
 And the same Dinner *neatly* is display'd,
 My Life to yours, he tells a pleasing Tale,
 Sits down rejoic'd, and makes a hearty Meal. 240

BUT to return; say whence arise these Heats,
 Or why the Wife betrays such gallant Feats?
 The wicked Husband must instill these Arts,
 And teach the Wife to act such wanton Parts.
 Some will indeed condemn the pretty Creature, 245
 And swear the Women have it in their Nature:
 That all their Passions only lay conceal'd,
 'Till Marriage freely lets them be reveal'd:
 That Love, in Youth confin'd, in Marriage flows,
 And by Possession, only stronger grows: 250
 Like *Nilus* Stream, by Banks of Custom bound,
 Once loos'd by Wedlock, spreads themselves
 around:

Confin'd before, the Stream impetuous grows,
 But once reliev'd, o'er all the Meadows flows.

IN Love, as Trade, profusion must produce 255
 In Time, but little for the Owner's use:
 If all to-day, is brought upon the Board;
 To-morrow's Feast, must less Content afford.

CUSTOM long since, to Man decreed the sway,
 What then, are Women only to obey? 260

Say

Say Yes, and Ay, and always be debarr'd
 Their little Pleasures, faith 'tis wond'rous hard :
 And their Desires, so modest too, and pretty,
 Only—perhaps—a Ramble—in the City ;
 Or with the Captain---jaunt it in a Coach ; 265
 But---*Betty* with her, to avoid Reproach :
 Or with a Cousin, venture to *Vauxhall* ;
 And sometimes make a Night on't at a Ball.
 Such Things, good Wives, with so much Con-
 duct use,
 No Man that loves them, would such Things
 refuse : 270

But if the Churl is furly, and will still
 Or right or wrong, resolve to have his Will,
 And still rule all, with an impetuous sway,
 Nor let poor faultless Woman have her way,
 Fits, Vapours, Tears, Reproof and Rage appear 275
 And all the Woman, stands confest in her.
 Each finds that Conquest neither can attain,
 So mutual Strive, to give each other Pain.

WOULD you be bless'd in matrimonial Life,
 A loving Husband and obedient Wife, 280
 In *Hymen's* Bands, a real Bliss possess,
 A Youth of Virtue, and an Age of Rest ;
 Nor Wise nor Foolish, be the Fair you wed,
 Either Extremes disturb the Marriage-Bed.
 Let her have Sense, as much as Women want, 285
 Neither too barren, nor exuberant.

Excess of Wit, is worse than being dull,
 For Woman's Wit would never bear controul.
 Exterior Beauties may thy Marriage Grace,
 But be the Soul refulgent as the Face. 290
 For Sense with Beauty seek, or else you miss
 And grasp Destruction, when you mean a Bliss!
 For Sense will bear reproof, submit to rule,
 No Creature smarts, so little as a Fool:
 Discords from Folly daily will arise, 295
 Which more discerning Wisdom will despise:
 Let Prudence, Virtue, and good Nature join,
 For these thy Freedom, and thy Heart resign:
 When Youth decays, and energy of Love
 Declines through Age, may Age your Sense im-
 prove: 300
 Improving converse crowns each gliding Day,
 And makes th' unheeded Moments steal away;
 'Till Death divides, in some ill-fated Hour,
 And each leaves THAT, they liv'd but to adore.

X

ESSAY

ESSAY XIV.

*If Virtue from the World is flown,
Will others Frauds excuse thy own?*

*If all are faithless to their Trust,
They leave not Thee the less unjust.* MOORE.

COUNT Cog-die was born in a little obscure Village in the Kingdom of Ireland, remarkable for producing Men of Genius : He was formerly indebted to the Dice, and his own Industry, for his Livelihood ; he is of a very obscure Birth, but had always an enterprising Genius : Nature had given him a Person that few of the Female Sex had the Power to withstand, which, join'd to a Fund of Wit, and polite Address, made him the Admiration of every one. The little Money which his Father left him he made great Addition to by Gaming ; and not being pleased with the Meanness of his own Name, he stil'd himself Count Cog-die. He was at that Time in keeping by several Ladies, who allowed him considerable Pensions.

He liv'd in the most profuse Manner, keeping four Footmen, and a superb Equipage: He play'd high, and lost his Money with the Spirit of a Gentleman; and tho' he had generally so much Prudence as to play no longer than his ready Money lasted, yet one unhappy Night, having drank too freely, he continued to play till both his Coach and Horses were obliged to answer the Deficiency.

Repentance is commonly the Fruit of Error; the Count saw his Folly when it was too late; the next Day, about Five in the Afternoon, he left the Place, where he was now ashamed to be seen, and he took with him all his Servants, resolving to walk to the next Town, which was not above eight or ten Miles, and when he arrived there, he entered an Inn, which made the best Appearance, and informed the Landlord, that the Beauty of the Evening had tempted him to walk, and that he had ordered his Coach to meet him there. The Landlord seeing a Gentleman of so good a Mein, and so richly dress'd, and attended
with

with such a grand Retinue, easily gave credit to what he said. When it grew late the Count pretended to be very uneasy that his Coach never came, and sent several People different Ways to look for it.

In the mean Time a Gentleman of Distinction who liv'd at some little Distance from the Inn, and hearing that a Stranger of Consequence was arrived in the Town, sent to enquire who he was; the Landlord told him every Thing that the Count had informed him off; and the Gentleman believing him to be a Person of Quality, sent his Servant to beg the Honour of his Company. You may imagine that the Count was very easily intreated; the Gentleman received him with great Politeness, and treated him in the most elegant Manner. The Count informed him that his Coachman was very apt to get drunk, which he imagined was the Reason of his Neglect; but the Gentleman bid him be under no concern, for that his Coach should be ready at any Hour the next Morning, to carry him where he pleas'd. He return'd the Gentleman many Thanks for his ex-

treme Civility, accepted of the Offer, and the next Morning he took his leave and set off for *Dublin*, where he soon made an Acquaintance with a Lady, who by her Generosity made him amends for all his Losses; and he liv'd in the same grand Manner as before.

He there made an Acquaintance with a rich Bourgeois, who had by his Industry, and Frugality, scrap'd together an immense Fortune; he was greatly desirous that the World should believe him a Man of Birth. The Count soon perceived his Foible; and thought it would be very easy to make a Dupe of him; for this Purpose he own'd him for his Relation, and claim'd him as such, in all Companies: The Bourgeois was highly pleas'd that a Person of the Count's Dignity should claim Affinity with him, and from Time became ten times prouder than before.

In the mean Time, Death had depriv'd the Count of the Lady who supported him in that grand Manner; and he had likewise been very unfortunate at Play; he
found

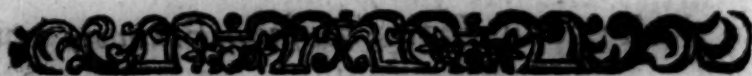
found his Credit began to sink; the Bourgeois, his Relation, furnished him with considerable Sums; but knowing it was out of his Power to pay the old Gentleman at the appointed Time, he thought it most adviseable to make off, imagining he could not abuse him much longer, he therefore sold off all his Moveables, as privately as he could, and decamped for *England* as fast as possible; changing his Name from Count *Cog-die* to that of *Lorenzo*.

You may judge the Astonishment of the Bourgeois when he found that his Relation had decamp'd, and was indebted to him to the Tune of *Five Thousand Pounds*; but still believing him to be a Man of strict Honour, and rather than his *Cozen* should pass for a Cheat, he was so infatuated as to pay all his Debts.

No sooner was *Lorenzo* arrived in *London*, but he determined no longer to lead the disagreeable Life which he had hitherto done, but resolved if he could get any Lady of Fortune to marry him, to do all in his Power to make her a good Husband.

His Person, Address, and Behaviour, soon gained him the Esteem of the agreeable *Araminta*, a Lady with a Fortune of Twenty Thousand Pounds in her own Possession. *Lorenzo* soon determined to accept of so amazing an Instance of the Bounty of indulgent Heaven; and they were soon after married; and are to this Day one of the happiest Couples in the World. *Lorenzo* repented him of the former Errors of his Life, being determined to follow the Advice of *Juvenal*, *Stop! and never persist in doing ill.*

Z



E S S A Y X V.

*Here in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
See the false scale of happiness complete.* POPE.

I HAVE experienced in the Course of my Travels and Observations on the World, that let our Actions be ever so ill, our Exploits ever so absurd, or our Deeds ever so trifling, in our Life-time, yet our Successors

Successors are always willing to exaggerate and enlarge upon our common Virtues, and sometimes even our Follies, in order perhaps to make our Memories respectable and rever'd by Posterity, who are too apt to draw Conclusions of our Virtues from our monumental Inscriptions. What has been more common in the *Romish* Church, than to cannonize bad Men, to answer some sinister or political End? How frequently is the Coward commemorated to posterity for his Valour; the Fool for his Understanding; and the wicked Man for his Piety?

This Abuse I conceive originally to have arisen either from the Kindness and Composition of our Friends, from a Reverence of our Memories, or from the Pride and Delicacy of our Relations, who never fail to attribute some Virtues or Actions to their Progenitors, by which they themselves may in some Sort be complimented; as we are too apt to suppose the same Virtues to flow in the same Blood; and that the lineal Descent of the Males shall participate

cipate of all the Excellencies of our Forefathers,

What is more common than in the public Papers to read of a Man departed, of exemplary Piety, a tender Father, a loving Husband, &c. who in his Life-time was perhaps the very Reverse of this Character; or of a Person universally regretted by all his Acquaintance, who perhaps has not a Friend remaining to bemoan his Loss.

It is by thus looking on the External of Things, and receiving implicitly these negative Attributes, that the Weak and Illiterate are led into Deceptions and false Opinions of Characters and Things; as Mankind generally look on all Objects, plac'd at the extreme Point of View, in a State of Magnitude and Excellence, and which a nearer Intimacy lessens their Esteem for, and makes them perfectly familiar with: Besides, we are apt to look with Reverence on the Actions of the Dead; there is something religiously awful in their Remembrance, and we are apt to bury

bury their Injustices and Vices in Oblivion, from a Knowledge of our own Frailty, and a Certainty that they are no longer able to give us any more Offences; and therefore if we cannot realize, we at least adopt, a Collection of Virtues to perpetuate his Name to posterity, who, when alive, might have been perhaps a Stranger to common Morality.

But this is really an Abuse in the Nature of Things, although too common an Imposition on our Senses, it is in itself dangerous; deluding the Mind and leading it into the Opinion of the Certainty of many Things, that never had any Existence, and is the more Unpardonable: When LYES stand thus glaring in the Face of Day, protected and sanctioned by a Dean and Chapter, who, if they have not, are at least generally supposed to have more good Sense, than to admit Absurdities of this Kind into their Cathedrals.

The most ridiculous, prophane, and at the same Time most absurd Method of commemorating a Person to posterity, that
ever

ever yet came under my Observations, is in that Part of *Westminster-Abbey* where the ragged Regiment is sometimes exposed to the View of the Curious. This Chapel seems originally to have been built to the Memory of Abbot *Islip*, as appears by certain Carvings in Stone on the Inside and Front of that little Edifice. This good Man must be supposed to have been remarkably fond of a Pun to desire his Name to be perpetuated to future Times by this Means. — For there are three Paintings on Glass, in the Center of three of the Windows of this Chapel; and the Fourth was perhaps of the like Kind, but by some Accident broken. — The Subject of which Painting is an Apple-tree; the Fruit of which a Man is supposed to have been Stealing, and is seen falling from the Tree, and an Eye (which I suppose to have been intended for the Eye of Providence) on one Side the Shaft of the Tree, and the Word *SLIP* in large Capitals painted on the other, answering by way of *Pun* to the Man's Name *Eye Slip*, alias *I SLIP*. — The other two Designs are much of the same Kind, only with this Difference, that

the Apple-tree is held in a Hand, which, with amazing Propriety, is supposed to hold the Tree, Ladder, and Boy, who hangs by the Foot, falling as before, and the same *Eye*, and *Slip*, painted as in the other.

I have often considered, what could be the Humour of this Piece of Buffoonery, to give it no worse Term, ludicrously conveying to us, by Means of a Pun on the Almighty, the Name of a Man, who is of the same Consequence to Posterity, as if he had never existed.—Perhaps the Man who design'd it might have had a pious Intention, and meant to represent the Apple-tree as the *Tree of Life*, and the Slipping of the Boy, as an Allusion to the *Fall of Man*: But why is the Eye of Providence made a Part? Why is that brought in as a Companion to the Jest, in order to *jingle* with the Name of ISLIP? If the Folly of his Heirs led them to so infamous, not to say blasphemous, a Representation, I think those Persons to whom the Government of the Church was at that Time committed,
if

if they had not more Piety, at least ought to have had more good Sense, than to have suffered such an Exhibition.

This leads me to consider, as a further Abuse in Cathedrals, that ridiculous Figure of the *Devil*, at the *West-End* of *Lincoln* MINSTER, who is cut in very bad Stone, with a very grim Face, a Pair of monstrous Horns, two large Wings like those of an over-grown Bat, and a fine flowing long Tail barb'd at the End, that most curiously twists itself round the Garment of a Fryer, over whose Shoulder his Devilship is peeping; and which, I suppose, gave rise to the Legend of, *Looking as sour as the Devil looking over Lincoln*; for to be sure his infernal Majesty is represented with the most acrimonious Phiz I ever beheld.

Can any Thing be more absurd and ridiculous than to suffer this corporeal Existence of a Devil to be thus represented? It is an indirect Confession of our Intimacy with such a Person. It is true we do not find any but the Religious that pretend to
such

such a familiar Acquaintance with him as to be able to give us his Picture; but it were to be wished they would confine him to one Likeness, and not, *Protheus* like, be always changing his Shape: But I generally observe, unless he is reverently cloath'd in a Suit of Black, that he is represented with furious Wings, great Horns, and other terrible Appurtenances, that answer all the Purposes of a Raw-head and Bloody-bones to terrify the Illiterate.—Ridiculous and below Contempt in both these Instances; and shews the Poverty of the Christian Tenets, that requires so despicable a Bugbear to fright Mankind into a Belief of its Purity.

This leads me into a further Observation of that Minster, in the Tombstone of dove-coloured Marble, of that facetious and memorable Gentleman *Tom Thumb the Great*, which is here always shewn to Strangers, together with his House made from one of the Pillars that support the Roof, and both of a Size proportioned to that Hero.

This

This Monument of Fame brings me back to the Fountain of my Discourse on perpetuating to Mankind our good Actions by monumental and other Inscriptions; and shall conclude this Paper with a few somewhat singular in their Kind, and I believe hitherto unnoticed; two of which are in the Minster at *Lincoln*, and are as follows :

On the East-side of *Lincoln* Minster you see cut on a Stone the following remarkable Inscription.

“ Here lyeth the Body of MICHAEL
 “ HONEYWOOD, D. D. who was Grand-
 “ child, and one of the *Three Hundred and*
 “ *Sixty-seven* Persons that MARY, the Wife
 “ of ROBERT HONEYWOOD, did see, be-
 “ fore she died, lawfully descended from
 “ her (*i. e.*) *Sixteen* of her own Body, *One*
 “ *Hundred and Fourteen* Grand Children,
 “ *Two Hundred and Twenty-eight* of the
 “ third Generation, and *Nine* of the Fourth.”

Monuments

Monuments of Envy and Rashness are even sometimes commemorated to us; as in the Portrait of ROBERT SARIO, the famous *Italian* Painter, who compleated that curious Window in the North Cross of the same Minster; but his Servant, exceeding him in a Performance in one on the South, he, in Revenge, threw himself from the Scaffold, and dashed out his Brains; but Cannonization ensued, and he was afterwards held in such Reverence for his Sanctity, that the Stone on which his Devotees kneel is wore into a large Concavity from their frequent Adorations. Whatever the *Pope* might have then thought of such an Exploit, it is my Opinion a modern Coroner's Inquest would have brought in their Verdict *Felo de se*; which though it would not have made him a Saint, would at least have put him in the Middle of the Highway to Heaven.

I shall conclude this Paper with a very extraordinary Epitaph, cut on a Stone in the Church-yard of St. *Michael, Crooked-Lane, London.*

“ Here

“ Here lyeth the Body of ROBERT
 “ PRESTON, late Drawer of the Boar’s
 “ Head Tavern in Great Eastcheap, who
 “ departed this Life, March 16, 1730,
 “ aged 27 Years.

“ *Bacchus* to give the toping World surprize,
 “ Produc’d one sober Son, and here he lies;
 “ Tho’ nurs’d among full Hogheads, he defy’d
 “ The Charms of Wine, and every Vice beside:
 “ O! Reader, if to justice you’re inclin’d,
 “ Keep honest PRESTON, daily in thy Mind;
 “ He drew good Wine, took care to fill his Pots,
 “ Had sundry Virtue, that outweigh’d his Faults:
 “ You that on *Bacchus*, have the like Dependence,
 “ Pray copy BOB, in Measure and Attendance.”

X

ESSAY

ESSAY XVI.

Plus aloes quàm mellis habet. Juv. Sat. 6. v. 180.

The Bitter overballances the Sweet.

HAVING taken Notice that Taverns are of late Years very much decreas'd from their usual Number, I looked upon it as a very good Omen to the *English* Nation; and was in great Hopes that the Coffee Berry which has spread such sentimental Gravity throughout the *Turkish* Nation, would have had the same Effect on *English* Constitutions.

But I am sorry to find upon a diligent Enquiry into the Meaning of the Word *Coffee-house*, that it is but a specious Name affixed to many of them, and which instead of answering their original Intention (which was to afford some Kind of Refreshment, either to those whose Business led them from their Family, or to others who

who were not blest with a Family to resort to) do now for the most Part debauch the Morals of Men.

I was confirmed in this Opinion by calling upon a Relation of mine the other Day at a certain Coffee-house no great Distance from St. James's.

I was conducted by the Waiter into a back Room where my Friend was; but to my great Surprise, instead of the Coffee Pot, and Cups, and Saucers, I found the whole Company most busily engaged in Circulating the Bottle and Glass, and as most of them were in some Measure known by me, I was easily prevailed upon to make one with them.

The first Thing which particularly engaged my Eye, was the Disposition of the Glasses on an adjoining Table, as also on the Mantle-piece; the former of which were ranged both Rank and File, while the latter seemed to me like Organ-pipes, disposed in proper Order; the little ones I found came first in Play, which served as a
Prelude

Prelude to usher in those of a larger Size, which after a few Rounds of the former, soon made their Appearance, and so on in Progression till we came from half to whole Pint Beakers.

As the Company seemed to enjoy a secret Pleasure in emptying one Bottle before the Waiter could well supply them with another, I could not help observing to them, how eager they all seemed not only to drain the Bottles, but of Consequence their Pockets too, when in my Opinion they might spend their Time with half the Quantity of Liquor they had drank, much more consistent with the Dignity of Human Nature, by an agreeable and entertaining Conversation which would in some Measure enrich their Minds, instead of impoverishing their Families at home. But, good Heavens, how different was the Effect from that which any reasonable Being might have expected! Disdain and Anger flew in each Man's Face; nor did I think but as *St. Stephen* was stoned to death, it would be also my Fate to have been buried under a Chrystal Heap of Glass.

After

After being severely reprimanded for the Expressions of *Draining* and *Impoverishing*, I was given to understand no Liquor was drank on that Table at my Expence; nor would I have you think, says one of the Company, that we come here for the Sake of Drinking. As for my own Part, says he, and I believe I may venture to say as much for all here present (Ay, Ay, they one and all replied) I would not care if I was to drink nothing but small Beer; for, Sir, I never in my Life drank any Thing but the pure Element of Water till turn'd of Three-and-twenty; and when at home with my Wife and Children, the one or other I prefer to any Liquor upon Earth: 'Tis not for Drinking, Sir, but just to pass a few dull Hours away you see us here met together.

While he went on with this Harangue, his next Companion jogged him on the Arm, and presented him with a Pint Beaker, telling him it was Mr. *Pitt's* Health: Then, here it goes, says he; come honest Friend, *Here's at you*: As the Glass
was

was of such an enormous Size, I would most willingly have avoided pledging my Antagonist; but lest I should have been thought to bear Malice, or, which is ten Times worse, to have been disaffected to the Ministry, I found myself obliged to empty the Glass, which my noble Disputant had filled half an Inch above the Brim without Spilling; but yet I was resolved, if possible, to be revenged upon this sober-ficed Gentleman, who only drank to keep others Company, in the same Manner as Mr. Bayle tells us *M. Peyren* was upon *Raphael Thorius*, who would force him to drink more than he chose. “ Before *M.*
“ *Peyren* would toast the Health proposed
“ by Dr. *Thorius*, he made this Agreement
“ with his Antagonist, that he should
“ drink a Health which he would also
“ toast to him, which being consented to,
“ he took off the Bumper, and filled the
“ Glass brimful of Water, and drank it
“ off to the Doctor, who thereupon was
“ thunderstruck; but seeing he could not
“ get off from his Promise, sigh’d deeply
“ in the Spirit, and lifted the Glass a thousand Times to his Lips, and as often
H “ drew

“ drew it back again: He called to his
 “ Assistance all the quaint Sayings of the
 “ *Greek* and *Latin* Poets, and was almost
 “ the whole Day drinking that cursed
 “ Bumper.” Just so I served my Friend;
 and notwithstanding his boasted Sobriety,
 he seemed as utterly averse to it as Dr.
Thorius. The midnight Clock struck One
 before we had reached to this Length in
 our Cups; and as the Family of the House
 were somewhat more regular in their Hours
 than others I could name, we were told
 by the Waiter we must depart: We there-
 fore called for the other Bottle, and the
 Bill; and having qualified the Water, we
 just before had drank, we departed. As
 we were all in high Spirits, we agreed to
 beat the Rounds, and drive the unhappy
 Nymphs of *Drury* all before us. As for
 my own Part, I was most gloriously drunk;
 and being naturally of good Blood, I be-
 came so elated by the Fumes of the Li-
 quor, that I looked upon myself to be as
 great a Man as any now in *Germany*; and
 therefore, being armed with a good oaken
 Trowel, I fell foul upon the first Watch-
 man

man I met, and laid him prostrate on the Ground. I was going to redouble my Blow, but by the horrid Noise of an iron Rattle (the usual Signal I suppose) I found myself immediately surrounded by eight or ten Heroes, all armed with Lanterns and with Staves. In vain I call'd for Help, my Companions had left me to the Mercy of these midnight Devils: As I was somewhat obstreperous, I received a few Blows, bestowed upon me with a hearty good Will, which in some Measure sobered me: To avoid therefore the Disgrace of being confined in the Round-house, I gave them what Money I had about me, which they very obligingly received, and then dismissed me from their Clutches. I made shift to stagger home thus heroically drunk to my Lodgings, and then to bed I went. The Fumes of the Liquor made me sleep sound; but when I awakened I found I had paid very dear for last Night's Merry-making. My Body bruised from the Crown of my Head to the Sole of my Foot; my Cloaths stood stiff with Mire and Dirt.—As this Kind of Debauch was very unusual with me, I began to reflect upon all the Trans-

H 2

actions

actions of the Night past, and found the short Interval so crowded with Folly, that I have made a Resolution never to drink more than is consistent with my Health. I wish every one that was then with me would do the same. I was informed that one of the Company, a Man in Years, and Master of a Family, was carried home dead-drunk, after having, by an unlucky Fall, broke one of his Ribs. I really began to pity him, but upon enquiring into his Character, (which *Valet de Chambres*, and others of no higher Rank, are best acquainted with) I was told it was a customary Thing for him to stay out till he got his skin full of Wine, and would then return home at two, three or four o'Clock in the Morning, flounce into Bed, where he would lay the full Round, and return again (as soon as up) *like the Dog to his Vomit, or the Sow to her wallowing again in the Mire*, without making any Apology to his Wife or Daughter for the uneasy Moments they must have experienced in his Absence from Home, not to say how much their Constitutions must suffer by setting up Night after Night to let him in.

If

If there was ever any Reason to imagine the *Pythagorean* System, concerning the Transmigration of Souls, was founded on Truth, I think the Course of Life which some Men lead is no small Proof of it: For as *Pythagoras* maintained, that Men after their Decease, were punished for their Sins in the Body of some other Animal, so would any one be inclined to think that some of the brute Creation were punished under the Form of Man: I am sure there are some I know, whose Actions are so much beneath the Dignity of Man, that I know not how to judge otherwise of them.

Every one that allows himself but a Moment's Time to consider the Consequences of Drunkenness, will find it tends to Misery and Destruction, in that it leads Men into Gaming, Quarrels and Riots; and is entirely inconsistent with every Duty of Life, by disqualifying Men for good Husbands, Fathers, or Friends.—'Tis this Vice which has brought more *English* Families to Destruction, to Misery and Want, than every other Vice conjoined: And we

often see those Men, who might have laid by some Thousands for their poor Families, reduced at length, by Drinking, to Beggary and Want, and spend at last the remaining Part of their Days in a miserable Gaol.— I would therefore advise those who have been guilty of this horrid Vice, to abstain for the Time to come from those Liquors which give Life to those who sell them, but Death to those who use them.—



ESSAY XVII.

Prodiga non sentit pereuntem Fœmina censum :
At velut exhaustâ redivivus pullulet arcâ
Nummus, et è pleno semper tollatur acervo,
Non unquam repusat, quanti sibi gaudia constant.
Juv. Sat. 6. v. 361.

*But Womankind, that never knows a Mean,
Down to the Dregs their sinking Fortunes drain :
Hourly they give, and spend, and waste, and wear,
And think no Pleasure can be bought too dear.*

DRYDEN.

MY Friend *Tom Sprightly*, is a young Fellow endued with no small Share of Merit, Good nature, and Vivacity; and of a Family of some Distinction; but being a younger Brother his Fortune is very small, and not caring for the disagreeable Confinement of Business, he has for several Years made a tolerable Figure in Life, by his Person, Wit, Figure, and Address.

-For two Years he danced Attendance at the Leveè of a Nobleman, in hopes of being provided for by some small Place or other under the Government. He had the Honour to be a great Favourite with his Lordship, for he flatter'd, sooth'd, cajol'd, and—laugh'd at him, and was in short his *Eccho*; for my Lord never told a Story, was it ever so improbable, but my Friend *Tom* immediately swore to the Truth of it: If his Lordship was at any Time pleased to exercise his witty Talent, *Tom* stood at his Elbow to laugh, and applaud the Briliancy and Fire of his Lordship's Genius. But at length finding that my Lord had not the least Intention of serving him, he left off the Drudgery of this mean Employment so unbecoming a Man of Spirit; but as his Finances were but small, he was obliged sometimes to act different from his own Principles, for it is a very difficult Thing for a Man to strike out to advantage in Life, whose Virtues are cramped by a narrow Fortune.

*Who'd be a Crutch, to prop a rotten Peer,
Or living Pendant, dangling at his Ear;*

For

*For ever whisp'ring Secrets which were blown
For Months before, by Trumpets thro' the Town?
Who'd be a Glass, with flattering Grimace,
Still to reflect the Temper of his Face?
Or happy Pin, to stick upon his Sleeve,
When my Lord's gracious, and vouchsafes it leave?
Or Cushion, when his Heaviness shall please
To loll, or thump it, for his better Ease?
Or a vile Butt, for Noon, or Night bespoke,
When the Peer rashly swears he'll club his Joke?
Who'd shake with Laughter, tho' he could not find
His Lordship's jest; or if his Nose broke wind,
For blessings to the Gods profoundly bow,
That can cry Chimney-sweep, or drive a Plough?
With Terms like these, how mean the Tribe that close?
Scarce meaner they, who Terms, like these, impose.*

YOUNG.

After Tom Sprightly left attending his Lordship's Leveè, he was engaged in the following Intrigue, which had near prov'd the Ruin of his little Fortune.

When Masquerades were permitted at the Hay-market, Tom never missed paying Attendance there, as he generally made it answer the Expence of his Ticket and his Dress. It was at one of these midnight Revels that he was struck with the Figure

of a Woman whose Size and Shape charm'd him; her Dress spoke her of Quality; her Habit was that of a Sultana Queen, the Robe was a yellow Sattin richly embroidered with Silver, and interspersed with Jewels; a Crescent of Diamonds compos'd her Head Dress, and a great Quantity of lovely black Hair, which was tied carelessly with a Ribbon, fell on her Neck, and gave a Resplendence to its snowy Whiteness. Though she had a great many Flutterers about her, yet *Tom* found means by a natural *Effronterie*, to engage her in a Discourse, wherein he displayed the Charms of his Wit; he was very pressing with her to unmask, which she peremptorily refus'd, but gave him every Opportunity to engage her in Conversation the whole Evening. At length it growing late, she beg'd he would procure her a Chair, as she did not believe her Servants could be found; he insisted on seeing her Home, which she absolutely refused, but ordered the Chairmen, in his hearing, to the *Hôtel* of a Person of Distinction: Before they parted she
agreed

agreed to meet him in a few Days, at a House proper for Intrigues of that Kind.

Tom Sprightly you may imagine was charmed with his good Fortune, concluding with very good Reason, that a Lady of Quality had fallen in Love with him; his greatest Concern proceeded from his not seeing her Face, though he made himself tolerably easy on that Account, for he concluded that her Face was, like the rest of her Person, charming.

He waited with extreme Impatience for the Day of Appointment; at length it came, and he attended his charming Sultaneſs: The fair *Incognita* came in a Mask, and though ſhe granted him every Thing he could deſire, yet ſhe abſolutely reſuſed to gratify his Curioſity with a Sight of her Face. Do you doubt my Honour, Madam? cried he, that you reſuſe me the Satisfaction of viewing the Face of her whoſe Shape has charm'd me! By Heaven! and by thoſe Joys I've taſted, I ſwear never to divulge it to any one!—If I do!—may

I never more be bless'd in those Arms!—
 'Tis not, that I doubt your Honour, or
 suspect your Love, cry'd she; but the
 Dread of its coming to the Ears of my
 Lord, whose Jealousy is intolerable, makes
 it impossible for me to satisfy your Cu-
 riosity, which I must confess is just; but
 let this content you, my Face is far from
 being disagreeable, I have Youth on my
 Side; and to the rest of my Person, you
 are—no Stranger.—

Tom was obliged to rest satisfied with
 this Answer. Their Meetings continued
 for some Time; he still imagined that he
 embraced the Wife of the noble Lord to
 whose House his dear *Incognita* first or-
 dered her Chair, and his Vanity made him
 in some public Company speak of the Affair
 in too familiar Terms: This soon came to
 the Ears of the Nobleman; he found out
 the Place of their Meeting, and went one
 Evening when his Spies informed him they
 were together: Upon his entering the
 Room, the Lady's Mask fell off, and in-
 stead of his Wife, he beheld—*her Chamber*
1
Maid,

Maid, who had made bold, being of the same Size of her Lady, to borrow her Dress for the Masquerade. I leave you to guess at the Astonishment and Confusion of *Sprightly*, he turn'd—

*Pale, as a young Dramatic Author, when
O'er darling Lines, Reviewers wave their Pen;*

to find that instead of embracing a Woman of Condition, he had carested her *Waiting Maid*! His Lordship could not forbear laughing at the foolish Figure *Tom Sprightly* made; he, however, begged their Pardon for intruding on their Pleasures, and left them to renew the Joys of—*Love*.

Tom Sprightly highly repented the Deceit which his imaginary Countess had put upon him, for she had under divers Pretences gulled him of above Fifteen Hundred Pounds; he immediately forgot the Respect he had paid her as a Woman of Quality, and threatened her with a Gaol if she did not refund the Money: She fell on her Knees, begged his Pardon, and inform'd him, with Tears in her Eyes, that a *Valet de Chambre*, who had courted her for some
Time,

Time, had basely robb'd her of all she had in the World. The Loss of such a Sum of Money made him quite outrageous; he lock'd the Door and ran for a Constable, but when he return'd, Madam had slip'd the Lock, and had made her Escape, and notwithstanding the strictest Search he could make after her, he has never to this Day been able to gain the least Intelligence of her.

The Widow *Grizzle*, an old Lady of Fourscore, at present supports him, out of respect to his being a young Fellow of Parts, and allows him a very handsome Income, he having had Art and Address sufficient to wheedle the old *Messalina* out of an Annuity of 200*l.* *per Annum*, which he was the other Day put in Possession of.

I shall conclude this Paper with the following Quotation from *Dr. Young*.

*Autumnal Grizzle carries in her Face,
Memento mori, to each public Place.
O how your beating Breast a Mistress warms,
Who looks thro' Spectacles, to see your Charms!*

While

*While rival Undertakers hover round,
And with his Spade, the Sexton marks the Ground.
Intent not on her own, but others Doom,
She plans new Conquests, and defrauds the Tomb.
In vain the Cock has summon'd Sprights away,
She walks at Noon, and blasts the Bloom of Day.
Gay Rainbow Silks, her mellow Charms infold;
And nought of Grizzle, but herself is old.*

A. Z.



ESSAY XVIII.

*What brought Sir Visto's ill-got Wealth to Waste?
Some Demon whisper'd, Visto, have a Taste.*

POPE.

THE Desire of being thought intimately acquainted with the Productions of Antiquity, we find prevails in general among the polite World; a Passion for the Works of the Ancients is received among them as true Taste, and the Want of that Passion, a Deficiency in the Education, or Finishing of the Gentleman; they are not thought capable of judging of the Productions of the modern Artificers, unless

less they have visited and explor'd the Productions of *Egypt*, *Greece*, and *Italy*. Let the Execution be good or ill, in the Eye of the Connoisseur, the Antiquity or Scarcity only makes it valuable. A Man of this Cast would sacrifice all other terrestrial Happiness to an *Otbo*, or Queen *Anne's* Farthing! would go a Pilgrimage to *Italy*, was he certain to procure a Piece of *Etrurian* Sculpture: or be content to suffer one of the seven Plagues of *Egypt* for his whole Life, to possess a real Antique of that Country.

Did true Genius, or a Knowledge of distinguishing the Excellencies of the Ancients, always accompany this Desire of being acquainted with them, the Passion would then in itself be truly laudable, and the Searcher himself an Honour to his Country: But, alas! a *Sloane*, a *Mead*, a *Cocchi*, or a *Hearne*, are *rara Avis in Terra*, Birds of Passage, and few fall to the Share of a Kingdom. Yet the Generality of our modern Connoisseurs think themselves little inferior to those Judges of Antiquity, as
they

they become prejudiced in their own Opinion, from ill Conclusions drawn from bad Objects, for want of the true Seeds of Genius being first inculcated, or at least attending on them, in their Observations on Antiquities, during their Travels.

Sir *Geoffrey Gimcrack* is a Man entirely of this Stamp: His House is a perfect Repository for Print, Paintings, Busts, and Antiques; which are disposed in a Sort of regular Confusion, in the different Apartments of his House; which Apartments are seldom opened but to oblige his Friends on particular Days; it is enough that he possesses them; for he cannot so much be said to enjoy them, as to have them, for in reality he has no Relish for these Productions himself; he wishes only to be reputed *The Antiquarian*, to have the World believe him an Adept in these Arts; and is therefore surrounded with Gems, Fossils, Paintings, Etchings, Drawings, Prints, Busts, decolated and amputated Figures in Stone and Wood, the Bones of Fishes, the Skins of Alligators, Jaws of Sharks, stuffed Skins of Monkeys, with Puppies, Frogs,

Frogs, Mice, and other Curiosities of the like Nature carefully preserved in Spirits; and on certain Days, when he is honoured by the Visits of his particular Friends, or his Friends Friends, to see his notable and curious Collection of *Antiques*, it is then Sir *Geoffery* is in his Meridian of Glory; proud to be supposed the Man he wishes to appear.

*Then his Eyes languish, and his Thoughts adore
That painted Coat, that Joseph never wore.*

He shews, on Holidays, a sacred Pin

*That touch'd the Ruff, that touch'd Queen Bess's
Chin.*

YOUNG.

From his frequent Attendance on Sales and public Auctions, Sir *Geoffrey* has the Names of the most eminent Artists at his Finger's End, and seldom points to any Thing of less modern Date than an hundred Years. He shews you the Tip of a Bull's Tongue miraculously preserved in Spirit, with the true Mark of *Egyptian* Divinity, the *Black Beetle*, stamp'd on the Tip; and maintains, with amazing Gravity, that it is part of the Tongue of, the God *Apis*. He shews you part of the Fin of the Whale
that

that swallowed *Jonas*: And has two of the Mice that were preserved at *Harleim* from the Piper's subterraneous Migration, which he esteems a great Curiosity. He has also a Tooth of the Jawbone of the Afs with which *Samson* slew the *Philistine*, and which he has had curiously set in Silver, and uses on some extraordinary Days as a Tobacco-stopper.

There is hardly an *Ancient* of whose Works Sir *Geoffrey* has not an *Original*, though all but himself can see they are the *Copies* of a third and fourth Hand: This is *Poussin*, *Old Wyke*, that is *Teniers*, *Luca Jordano*, a third *Holbien*, *Vanderneer*, all *Originals*, though the Paintings of but Yesterday. Ask him the History of any his Pieces, he pleads the Badness of his Memory, but the Piece is exceeding mellow, an *Original*—how fine the Drapery, how just the Colouring, the *Titian* Stroke, the *Guido* Air, though it is ten to one but his Pieces are disposed in an ill Light. He shews you a Busto of a *Julia Pia* without a Head, a noseless *Cæsar*, and a real Antique of *Caius Marius*, which on Examination

nation was found to be cut in *Portland Stone*; and I heard him expatiate a full Hour on the Excellencies of a Couple of Antiques, dug out of the Ruins of *Herculaneum*; which I have since understood, were two of the Figures lately on *Ludgate*.

If we look into Life, we shall find the greater Part of these Gentlemen, who profess themselves Admirers of the Works of Antiquity, to be *Geoffrey Gimcracks*, to be merely so, because it is the Fashion to be so, possessing a depraved Taste, which becomes every Day more vitiated by imposing on their own Judgment. Their Opinion arises with their Nobility, and their Judgment with their Dignity. They are above being led into the right Path by *able Artists* and judicious Men: Good Hints from *Men of Talents*, who have not the Stamp of Nobility, are reckoned Insults on their Taste, and an Abuse of their *superior Understanding*. There is a Sort of Partiality among the Great, a Sort of Affection or Prepossession to the Sentiments of each other, by which Means they too often persevere

severe in Errors, merely because they are the Errors of Nobility; and disdain to deviate from their Opinion, or to be instructed from the Observations of Men of real Skill and small Fortunes, merely because they are Mechanical and *Plebeian*, as it would be derogatory to their Patrician Blood to have the same Sentiments and Opinions with the Vulgar, *who, from being formed of worse Materials, and cast in a coarser Mould of Nature, must certainly have their Ideas composed of the same base and ignoble Materials.*

But where a true Taste of the polite Arts, joined with a sound Judgment, falls to the Share of a Man of true Nobility and Fortune, this Passion, or Thirst for the perfect Works of Antiquity is truly laudable. He may then be a true Friend to the polite Arts without injuring his Circumstances, or affecting his Fortune, while these Attachments must at least injure, if not impair the Circumstances of Persons of less Abilities. Collections, well chosen, convey to us more circumstantive Ideas, then the most nervous Description is capable

ble to communicate; it strikes a Fulness on the Mind which is not so well conveyed by any other Means, and leaves the strongest Impression it is capable of sustaining. These Things, I say, in the Hands of a skilful and judicious Collector, are truly laudable; his House becomes a Seminary, or School of Instruction in the polite Arts, and the wisest listen with a pleasing Attention to his Observations.

My Friend *Curio*, who is a Person of this latter Cast, and draws his Conclusions and Opinions from well-digested Observations from Books and Travels, whose Collection, though small, is curious, and exhibited in judicious Departments for the Entertainment of himself, as well as his Friends; I found, on a Visit the other Day, pointing out to a young Gentleman to whom he had formerly been Preceptor, the Beauties of a Painting of the City of *Babylon*, by an eminent Hand: Do but observe, said he, among this Groupe of Artificers, the Accuracy of the Pencil, every Lineament is as expressive and strong as the Life: You see how perfectly he has adhered

hered to Character, in giving the very Instruments then in use, as far as History has been able to inform us, and with which they were able to perform to that amazing Perfection, that most stupendous Building. *Curio*, who was a perfect Historian, and according to his Custom of entertaining his Friends with a History of every Curiosity in his House, with an Elocution peculiar to himself, displayed the Beauties of that excellent Performance as follows: *Babylon*, said he, was once the Seat of the *Assyrian* Monarch, was founded by *Semiramis*, but *Nabuchodonosor* had given it its principal Beauties. This Conqueror, after long and difficult Wars, finding himself in perfect Tranquillity, applied his Thoughts to make his Capital one of the Wonders of the World. It was situated in a vast Plain, watered by the *Euphrates*; the Canals cut out from this River made the Fruitfulness of the Soil so great, that it yielded the King as much as the Half of his Empire. The Walls of the City were built of large Brick, cemented together with Bitumen, or a Slime arising from the Earth, which in
Time

Time became harder than Marble : They were fifty Cubits thick, two hundred high, and formed a perfect Square twenty Leagues in Compass : An hundred and fifty Towers, raised at certain Distances upon these inaccessible Walls, commanded all the Country round about : An hundred Gates of Brass, regularly disposed, opened to an innumerable Multitude of People of all Nations : Fifty great Streets traversed the City from Side to Side ; and by crossing each other, formed above six hundred large Divisions, in which were stately Palaces, delightful Gardens, and magnificent Squares : The *Euphrates* flowed through the Middle of *Babylon* ; and over that River was a Bridge built with surprising Art ; at its two Extremities were two Palaces, the old one to the East, the new one to the West ; near the old Palace was the Temple of *Belus* ; from the Center of this Building rose a Pyramid six hundred Foot high, and composed of eight Towers, one above another ; from the Top of this Pyramid the *Babylonians* observed the Motion of the Stars, which was their favourite Study, and

and by which they made themselves famous in other Nations. At the other End of the Bridge stood the new Palace, which was eight Miles in Circuit; its famous hanging Gardens, which were so many large Terrasses one above another, rose like an Amphitheatre to the Height of the City Walls; the whole Mass was supported by divers Arches, all covered with broad Stones strongly cemented, and over them was first a Layer of Reed mixt with Bitumen, then two Rows of Bricks, and over these thick Sheets of Lead, which made the whole impenetrable to Rain or any Moisture; the Mould which covered all was of that Depth as to have room enough for the greatest Trees to take root in it: In these Gardens were long Walks which ran as far as the Eye could reach; Bowers, Green-plots and Flowers of all Kinds; Canals, Basons and Aqueducts, to water and adorn this Place of Delight, this most surprising Collection of all the Beauties of Nature and Art.

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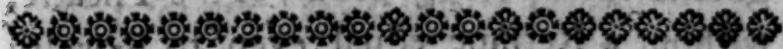
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It was with much Delight I heard my Friend expatiate on the Beauties of this once illustrious Pile: I saw his Cheeks glow with that Satisfaction, which true Merit always diffuses, when it attempts to enlighten the Understanding of others, thereby making his Embellishments instructive, and every Room a Study or Seminary of Learning, of which he was the Index. I must own, the Manner, in which he delivered his Discourse, filled me with that Awe and Reverence for the Fates of Antiquity, which Truth never fails to imbibe; and threw me into so profound a Reverie on the Transitions and Fates of the many mighty Empires that once gave Laws to the World — that have not even the Shadow of their Existence remaining, that I could not help exclaiming with the wise Man, *That all was Vanity*; and that of our superb Buildings, stately Edifices, and magnificent Structures, the Time would shortly come, *when one Stone would not be left on another*; and Travellers, with enquiring Eyes, should ask, *Where stood LONDON?*

X X

ESSAY



ESSAY XIX.

Audire, atq; togam jubeo componere, quisquis
Ambitione malâ, aut argenti pallet amore
Quisquis luxuriâ—— HOR. Sat. 3. l. 2. v. 77.

*Sit still, and hear, those whom proud Thoughts do
Those that look pale by loving Coin too well, [swell,
Whom Luxury corrupts——* CREECH.

IN the Reign of *Augustus* the Roman Em-
pire was in its meridian Glory; Arts
flourished, Commerce increased, and as
long as they preserved their Virtue untaint-
ed, they were happy; but as soon as
Luxury and Pride, like a Torrent over-
whelmed the *Roman* State, their Ruin was
inevitable.

Luxury and Pride seem at present to
bear an universal Sway over the Minds of
the *English*; 'tis the whole Study of the
politer Part of Mankind to vie with each
other in the Grandeur of their Equipages,
and outshine their Neighbours in the Ar-
ticle of Dress. Lady *Betty Moonshine* never

goes to the Drawing Room, or the Theatre, without a Retinue equal even to Royalty itself; Lady *Tabby* has as elegant a Chariot as the first Dutchess at *St. James's*; and Mrs. *Gathergrease*, the rich Tallow-chandler's Wife at *Cow-Cross*, in Dress and Appearance outvies Lady *Sugarcane*, Wife to the great *West-India* Merchant on *Tower-Hill*: The eldest Miss *Gathergrease* received her Education at *Chelsea* Boarding-School, and gives herself as many Airs as the Daughter of a Countess.

As I was passing thro' *Grosvenor-Square* last *Monday* Evening, I saw a great Number of Chairs and Coaches at the Door of Lady *Riot*. I immediately recollected that it was her Ladyship's Visiting Day; I gave in my Name, and was admitted into the Drawing Room. After paying my Respects to Lady *Riot*, I found myself encircled by a Number of my own Acquaintance, Lady *Susan Forebeacloth*, Lady *Disnarler*, Lady *Faddle*, Lord *Tootbless*, Lord *Trifle*, Sir *Charles Modish*, and many other Persons of Fashion, equally as respectable.

Ned

Ned Ranger, cry'd *Lord Trifle*, how in the Name of Wonder, came we not to have the Honour of your Company at *Lord Rackett's* the other Day? We were greatly at a Loss, *Ned*, for your Conversation to enliven us. Your Lordship does me Honour, answered I, bowing, but I was obliged to attend a sick Relation, from whom I have large Expectations. His Lordship there took an Opportunity to praise *Lady Faddle's* Cloaths; Never trust me, *Lady Faddle*, cry'd he, if I don't think the Trimming of your Ladyship's Negligee immensely genteel. Your Lordship is pleased to compliment, answered *Lady Faddle*, but I shall for the future have a better Opinion of my own Taste, since your Lordship has been pleased to commend it; to be sure *Mademoiselle de Robe* has as elegant and happy a Fancy as any Woman in *London* in the Trimming of Cloaths. You are a charming Woman, *Lady Faddle*, cry'd he, whispering in her Ear, 'fore Gad if I don't love you better than any Lady that attends the Drawing Room. *Lady Faddle* seemed very well pleased with this Compliment

from Lord *Trifle*, by the Airs she gave herself; but what Answer she made his Lordship I am a Stranger to, for it was given in too low a Key for me to hear it.

The Conversation then turned on Subjects equally insignificant. Sir *Charles Modish* acquainted the Company, he had the Honour a few Nights ago to attend Lady *Mary Lovely* to the Comic Opera of *Il Mercato*: Lord *Toothless*, Lady *Susan Foreheadcloth*, Lady *Faddle*, all agreed in giving due Praise to that inimitable Paragon of her Sex. Lady *Mary Lovely*, cry'd Lord *Trifle*, is certainly a most charming Woman, and has that agreeable *Nonchalance* in her Manner and Behaviour, so easily distinguishable in Persons of Quality. I don't in the least Wonder, cry'd Lady *Disnarler*, that the Men are loud in their Praises of Lady *Mary Lovely*, when I recollect the Partiality of her old Grandmother Lady *Collistooth*, who left her such an immense Fortune in her own Possession; but I'll do Lady *Mary* the Justice to acknowledge, that she has the *Je ne sçai quoi*;
but

but in point of personal Charms I believe, continued she, (bridling up her Head, and assuming an Air of Affectation) some other People would make as great an Eclat, as Lady *Mary*, with all her boasted Charms.

We were all ready to laugh at this malicious Speech of Lady *Di Snarler's*, when the Appearance of the Servant to introduce more Company, put a Stop to our Rudeness; and I made use of that Opportunity to take my Leave, being engaged at Lady *Club's* Rout. Before I conclude this Paper, I shall give my Readers some small Insight into the Character of Lady *Riot*: Her Ladyship is young, handsome, genteel, and well-bred; Sir *Simon Riot*, her Husband, is only a simple Knight, and purchased his Dignity merely to please his Wife, who could not be received into the politest Companies, nor be treated with the least Respect by People of Fashion, 'till she was dignified with a Title. Sir *Simon* spends the best Part of his Life in the Taverns and Brothels about *Covent-Garden*; and seldom gets home before Six in the Morning, after fighting with Bullies, break-

ing Lamps, and beating the Watch. *Lady Riot* has entered into a very fashionable Set of Acquaintance, who laugh at Religion, despise Morality, and never scruple to receive the Addresses of any young Fellow, who happens to be more agreeable to them, than their tame Husbands. By this Means *Lady Riot* is perfectly satisfied with the Behaviour of *Sir Simon*; and as long as he remains silent, at her known Partiality for young *Goose Quill*, the Lawyer, she never quarrels with him for his Brutality, Drunkenness, and total Neglect of her Charms: And as long as he supplies her with Money for the Support of her Gallant, her Dress, Cards, &c. she is one of the sweetest tempered Women in the World; but if once *Sir Simon* complains of her Extravagance, and refuses her that all-powerful Charm of Go'd, no Fury exceeds her; and *Sir Simon*, who dreads her Tongue as much as he would the Sight of the Black Gentleman, finds it the most eligible Way to comply with her Ladyship's Demands, be they ever so extravagant. When they meet, which is very seldom, they are exceedingly polite, though

though they mortally hate each other; but this Diffimulation is necessary to keep up Appearances with the World, as she takes great Pains to persuade her Friends Sir *Simon* and herself are the happiest Couple in Town.

The Fashion of keeping public visiting Days is become so universal, that at present the Wife of every petty Mechanic has her public Day. It was first introduced by the People of Fashion at the Court-end of the Town; it then descended to the City Quality; and every Lady within the Precincts of *Moorfields*, has her set Days for receiving a numerous Shoal of Fools, who come more in Compliance to Custom, than for any regard they have for the Lady of the Mansion.

Could any of our worthy Ancestors, so famous for their Virtue and untainted Honesty, but rear their Heads from the dreary Mansions of the Grave, and see Luxury and Pride, together with an universal Depravity of Manners, rule with unlimited Power over the Minds of their Descendants,

would they not be apt to start, to shroud
their Heads in the cold Grave, and cry
out in the Language of the Poet, *O Tem-
pora! O Mores!*

Z



ESSAY XX.

Malo venusinam quàm te Cornelia.

JUV.

*Some country Girl, scarce to a Curtsy bred,
Would I much rather than Cornelia wed.* DRYDEN.

WE are ignorant of the Writer of
this Letter, but as it was among
the Philosopher's other Papers, and seems
to reflect on the Indecorum of the Times,
we shall give it a Place in our Collection.

Honoured Sir,

I HAVE the Happiness to enjoy a
rural Mansion left me by my Father, and
adjoining to it a sufficient Number of
Acres to support me in Affluence under
the Title of a Country Squire. In that
Part

Part of the World I have spent full thirty Years without ever visiting the Metropolis of the Kingdom but once, and that near fifteen Years ago : But a Relation of mine dying, most of whose Effects were in *London*, I was obliged to come hither to settle the Legacies, and other little Affairs, depending on the good Man's last Will and Testament. And as I arrived here on *Saturday* last, I went the succeeding Day into a Quaker's Meeting, in Hopes of receiving either some Pleasure, or at least Instruction, from this plain and primitive Congregation. But, as far as I could find, the Spirit had no Influence, at least while I was there, upon their Speakers ; therefore I began to think of the old Proverb, *Least said is soonest mended* ; and no longer doubted but that this Day might upon that Account be devoted to that black-lettered Day in our Calendar, prefixed to the Common Prayer, entitled, *O Sapientia*. Therefore, while their *Speakers* were, as I suppose, endeavouring who should be *silent* longest, I began to employ my Eyes on this tacit Congregation, and moving them by slow Degrees over the Assembly of the
I 6 Saint ,

Saints, lest I might have been, by a more lively Glance, looked upon as a carnal Member of the Society, I ceased not to admire several young Maidens whose Beauties were so striking, that I could have dwelt enraptured there, had I not been in no small Fear of being discovered by the Brethren. The neat yet unaffected Elegance of Dress, peculiar to their Sect, pleased me very much; nor do I think the Garden of *Eden* ever boasted Innocence superior to that which then engaged my Attention: Though I must confess their Waists did not seem quite so taper as usual, nor did their Virtue seem so strongly fortified with Whalebone as I have seen them some Years ago, which makes me apprehensive that the Citadel would not be able to hold out a long Siege: But, be that as it will, I was so enamoured with their Beauties that it would have been impossible for me to have sat there much longer without being noticed: I therefore, though much against the Grain, departed; and finding a Hack upon the adjoining Stand, I stept into it and ordered him to
drive

drive me to the *Park*, with a View of dispelling those anxious Thoughts which then oppressed my Soul.

To *Spring-Garden* then I came, but was no sooner sat down than I found myself furrounded by a giddy Throng all pressing toward the *Mall*. A smart Push or two I received dissipated my former Thoughts, and the Objects then around me engrossed my Attention. However I could not help thinking but I was either dreaming or else had been dropt as it were from the Clouds upon some other Part of the Globe, where the Modes of Dress, and the affected Looks I met with here, were so widely different, if compared with those I left but just before. The strange Fashions I now became Witness of, made me think that instead of advancing in Years, I had flipt as many back as would bring me down to the Reign of King *James* the Second, when Ladies dressed their Hair (however modern we may think the present Taste) with Knots of Flowers, and adorned each Curl with Ribbons, and rich Jewels, or at least with some such Baubles. As for the Ladies
Caps,

Caps, it must be owned they lie much more horizontally now than they did at the Time of the Revolution: But their enormous Bonnets, not much unlike three Parts of an Umbrella, are mounted to such a considerable Height that the Wearers of them do, in my humble Opinion, look full as impudent as any Officer on Guard, and seem to bid Defiance to our Sex. I own the masculine Air these Ladies seem to be such Mistresses of, makes me write somewhat more severe than I would choose, in hopes it may in some Measure prevent our being over-stocked with a Nation of Amazons. Besides, if Ladies should be allowed to go so naked as they do, what will become of our Manufactures. Some Years ago thick quilted Petticoats on quilted Petticoats were wore, and double Handkerchiefs concealed the Beauties of the Neck. But now, how different the Mode! With Shoes contrived to buckle to the Toe, they shew the Beauty of the Foot; the Petticoat curtailed displays "a well made Leg," I had almost said, "and taper Thigh, with the Demeanors which there adjacent lie."—A Stayhook

Stayhook then attracts the Eye, and makes Men think of—Happiness. A few Inches more will reach the Summit of their Stays, (the Depth of which is not one-third of those which *Queen Bess* wore) calculated, I suppose, to shew those Beauties which we may then behold stand pouting out, and bid Defiance to the Whalebone. A Sailor in a Storm would heartily rejoice to spy half as much Land as that large Tract of clear transparent Skin, which, as Ladies stile their Neck, they seldom shade with Gawz, though it reach above half Way the Body. Therefore, however modest Ladies of a warm Constitution may think this kind of Dress, they might, in my Opinion, as well treat us with a Prospect of those Beauties, if they deserve that Name, which have been as yet concealed. And I verily believe if those Parts which are not exposed to public View, were but as handsome as those within the Point of Sight, we should not be denied that Prospect too.

For an Air and a Grace, it must be allowed, our modern Ladies are not to be compared

compared with the Antients. As for Instance, among the many Beauties in the *Mall*, some waddled like our Westcountry Geese, and some could hardly make one Foot keep pace with t'other; while others, cast I suppose in a more delicate Mould, walked with as much Faintness as if their Backs had been broken—and in the Crowd there were many of a more *assuming* Air, who if they caught but a single Glance of one's Eye, immediately assumed a Firmness in their Steps and Mien, then stretching out their Neck exposed superior Charms to View, and by soft Looks seemed ready to capitulate. In order therefore to prevent these growing Vices, I should be glad if the Mothers of these young Tits would make them keep *Lent* all the Year, by fasting twice a Week at least, nay three Times would not hurt them, which Discipline would in some Measure prevent the Roving of their Fancy, and cool their *Vesuvian* Heat of Blood: For at present they seem to me to be Instruments of the *Devil* to ruin our poor Souls. I am therefore resolved to quit Town as soon as possible,

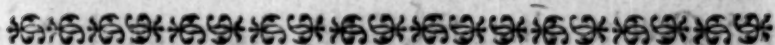
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and return to my own Mansion, where I may enjoy that native Simplicity and Innocence peculiar to the Fair Sex in that Part of the Country where I reside.

Yours, while in Town,

Y Y

TIM. SHEEPLESS.



ESSAY XXI.

*Through Worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.* POPE.

THERE is nothing so animating to the Soul, and gives the Mind that State of Tranquillity and Delight as a Contemplation on the Divine Being; it enlarges the Understanding, and dilates the Soul into that agreeable Expansion, which nothing but a Contemplation of its Divinity can create. All Nations in the Infancy of Time have adored one Being supreme, though by different Epithets and by different Attributes. *Jehovah*, *Jove*, or *Lord*, was still the living God, the Dispenser of all Things. It is with infinite Pleasure that I read of the various Methods
of

of the Worship of the Antients, and their Opinions of a Deity, and compare them with the present. *Herodotus* informs us, that the antient *Persians* had neither Statues, Temples, nor Altars. “ They think
 “ it ridiculous, says he, to fancy like the
 “ *Greeks*, that the Gods have an human
 “ Shape, or derive their Original from
 “ Men. They chuse the highest Moun-
 “ tains for the Place of their Sacrifice:
 “ They use neither Libations nor Musick,
 “ nor hallowed Bread; but when any one
 “ has a Mind to sacrifice, he leads the
 “ Victim into a clean Place, and wearing
 “ a Wreath of Myrtle about his Tiara,
 “ he invokes the God to whom he intends
 “ to offer it: The Priest is not allowed to
 “ pray for his own private Good, but for
 “ that of the Nation in general; each
 “ particular Member finding his Benefit in
 “ the Prosperity of the whole.” And
Strabo tells us, “ That when the Priest
 “ had cut the Victim into small Pieces,
 “ every one took his Share: They left no
 “ Portion of it for the Deities, believing
 “ that

“ that God desires nothing but the Soul
 “ of the Victim: And the Orientals, full
 “ of the Notion of Transmigration, ima-
 “ gined that the Victim was animated by
 “ a criminal Soul, whose expiatory Pains
 “ were compleated by the Sacrifice.”

The *Persians* indeed, as well as other
Pagans, worship'd the Fire, the Sun, and
 the Stars; but they considered them only
 as visible Images, and Symbols of a su-
 preme God, whom they believed to be the
 Sovereign Lord of Nature. *Plutarch* has
 left us, in his Treatise of *Isis* and *Osiris*, a
 Fragment of the Theology of the *Magi*.
 This philosophical Historian assures us,
 That they called the great God, *Oromares*,
 or the Principle of Light that produced
 every Thing, and worketh all in all. They
 admitted however another God, but of an
 inferior Nature and Order, whom they
 called *Mythras*, or the middle God: They
 speak of him sometimes as a Being co-eter-
 nal with the supreme Divinity; and at
 other Times as the first Production of his
 Power.

Such

Such was the Theology of the ancient *Persians*, and indeed the *Egyptians* had much the same Principles. There is nothing more absurd than the Notion generally given us of their Theology; nor is any Thing more improbable than the allegorical Sense, which some Writers fancy they have discovered in their Hieroglyphics. On one Hand, it is hard to believe, that Human Nature could ever sink so low as to adore Insects, and Reptiles, and Plants, which they see produced, growing and dying every Day, without ascribing certain divine Virtues to them, or considering them as Symbols of some invisible Power. In the most barbarous Countries we still find some Knowledge of a superior Being, which is the Object of the Hope and Fear of the most stupid Savage. But though we should suppose there are some Nations in the World sunk into so gross an Ignorance as to have no Notion of a Deity, yet it is certain that *Egypt* cannot be charged with such a Degree of Stupidity. All Historians, as well sacred as profane, agree
in

in speaking of this People as the wisest of all Nations: And one of the Encomiums which the Holy Spirit is said to give to Moses, is, *That he was learned in all the Wisdom of the Egyptians.* But some modern Writers, on the other Hand, exalt the Theology of the *Egyptians* too high, and fancy they find in their Hieroglyphics all the Mysteries of the Christian Religion. After the Deluge, *Noah* doubtless would not leave his Children ignorant of the great Principles of Religion, with regard to the three States of Mankind; and that Tradition, might have been spread from Generation to Generation, over all the Nations of the World: But we should not infer from thence, that the Heathens had as clear Notions of the divine Nature, and the *Messias*, as the *Jews* had themselves.

Plutarch, in his Treatise of *Isis* and *Osiris*, tells us that the Theology of the *Egyptians* had two Meanings; the one Holy and Symbolical, the other Vulgar and Literal; and consequently that the Figures of Animals, which they had in their Temples, and which they seemed to

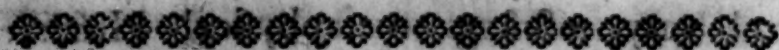
adore,

adore, were only so many Hieroglyphics to represent the Divine Attributes. Pursuant to this Distinction, he says, that *Osiris* signifies the active Principle, or the Holy Being; *Isis*, the Wisdom or Rule of his Operation; *Orus*, the first Production of his Power, the Model or Plan by which he produced every Thing, or the Archetype of the World. It is plain that the *Chaldeans* and *Egyptians* believed that all the Attributes of the Deity might be reduced to *three*, POWER, UNDERSTANDING, and LOVE. In reality, whenever we disengage ourselves from Matter, impose Silence on the Senses, and Imagination, and raise our Thoughts to the Contemplation of the infinitely infinite Being, we find that the eternal Essence presents itself to our Mind under the three Forms of Power, Wisdom and Goodness. These three Attributes comprehend the Totality of his Nature, and whatever we can conceive of him. Not to speak therefore of the primitive Traditions, which might possibly be the Source of these three Ideas concerning the Divine Nature, it is nothing extraordinary

dinary if the *Egyptians* and *Oriental*s, who had very refining metaphysical Heads, should of themselves have discovered them. The *Greeks* and *Romans* were fonder of the *Socinus*, which depend on Sense and Imagination; and for this Reason we find their Mythology seldom turns upon any Thing but the external Operations of the Deity in the Productions of Nature, whereas that of the former, chiefly regards his internal Operations and Attributes.

X

ESSAY



ESSAY XXII.

Qui mare et Terras variisq; mundum
Temperat Horis :

Unde nil majus generatur ipso,
Nec viget quicquam simile aut secundum.

HOR. Od. 12. l. 1. v. 15.

*Who guides below, and rules above,
The great Disposer, and the mighty King :*

*Than He none greater, next Him none,
That can be, is, or was ;*

Supreme He singly fills the Throne. CREECH.

THE Pagans universally acknowledged one supreme God, whom they considered as the Source of the Divinity, and the Author of all Beings : A Goddess his Wife, Daughter or Sister, whom they represented sometimes as the Principle of the Divine Fecundity, at other Times as an Emanation from his Wisdom, and often as the Companion and Subject of his Operations ; and lastly, a subordinate God, the Son and Viceroy of the Supreme. And thus we find among the *Persians*, the great Oromares,

Oromares, the Goddess of *Mythra*, and the God *Mythras*; among the *Egyptians*, *Osiris*, *Isis*, and *Orus*; and among the *Greeks*, *Jupiter*, *Minerva*, and *Apollo*.

In Proportion as Men departed from their primitive Simplicity, and as Imagination took the Place of Reason, the Poets multiplied the Names and Images of these Gods, and the three superior Divinities were lost in a Crowd of inferior Deities. It is nevertheless certain, that the Philosophers always preserved those three capital Ideas. *Socrates*, *Plato*, *Pythagoras*, and all the Philosophical Writers whose Works have been transmitted to us, and who speak of the Gods of *Egypt* and *Greece*, assure us, that *Ptha*, *Amaun*, *Osiris*, *Apis*, *Serapis*, and *Anubis*, are the same; that *Mars*, *Mercury*, *Apollo*, *Hercules*, and *Jupiter* the Conductor, are also the same; that *Cybele*, *Venus*, *Urania*, *Juno*, *Minerva*, *Phæbe*, and *Proserpine*, are, in like Manner, one and the same. Whence we may fairly conclude, without falling into Conjectures, that *Oromazes*, *Osiris*, *Cælus*, *Saturn*, and *Jupiter Olympus*, are different Names to ex-

press the one supreme God. That *Mythra*, *Isis*, *Cybele*, *Urania*, *Juno*, and *Minerva*, denote the different Attributes of the same Goddess: And lastly, that *Mythras*, *Orus*, *Mercury*, *Apollo*, *Hercules*, and *Jupiter* the Conductor, are the several Titles of the middle God, universally acknowledged by the *Pagans*.

Modern Materialists have endeavoured to reduce all the *Pagan* Divinities to one God and one Goddess, which, according to them, express only the two Principles of Nature; whereof one is active, or the infinite Force, the Cause of all the Motions we behold in the Universe; the other passive, or the eternal Matter, which is the Subject of all the Forms produced by that moving Force. This Idea is by far posterior to that of the *Orientals*, *Egyptians*, and first *Greeks*, concerning the three Forms of the Divinity. It was neither received nor known in the Sense of the Materialists, but by the Disciples of *Epicurus*.

To have a more perfect Knowledge of the Theology of the *Orientals* and *Egyptians*,

tians, it may not be improper to examine that of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, which is derived originally from it. The Philosophers of *Greece* went to study Wisdom in *Asia* and *Egypt*; *Thales*, *Pythagoras*, and *Plato*, drew the best of their Knowledge from thence. The Traces of the *Oriental* Tradition are now indeed in a Manner worn out: But as there are several Monuments of the Theology of the *Greeks* still preserved; we may judge of the Master, by the Disciple.

We must, however, distinguish between the Gods of the Poets, and those of the Philosophers. Poetry deifies all the various Parts of Nature, and gives Spirit to Bodies, as well as Bodies to Spirits. It expresses the Operations and Properties of Matter, by the Actions and Passions of such invisible Powers, as the *Pagans* supposed to be Directors of all the Motions and Events that we see in the Universe. The Poets pass in a Moment from Allegory to the literal Sense, and from the literal Sense to Allegory; from real Gods

to fabulous Deities: And this occasions that Jumble of their Images, that Absurdity in their Fictions, and that Indecorum in their Expressions, which are so justly condemned by the Philosophers. Notwithstanding this Multiplication of inferior Deities, these Poets however acknowledged that there was but one only supreme God. This will appear from the very antient Traditions which we still have of the Philosophy of *Orpheus*. “ There is, says that
 “ Author, one unknown Being, exalted
 “ above and prior to all Beings even of
 “ the Ether, and of every Thing that is
 “ below the Ether: This exalted Being is
 “ Life, Light, and Wisdom; which three
 “ Names express only one and the same
 “ Power, which drew all Beings, visible
 “ and invisible, out of nothing.”

It is clear enough, from the Doctrine of the Theogony, or Birth of the Gods, that the antient Poets ascribed all to a first Being who disentangled the Chaos. And it is for this Reason that *Ovid* thus expresses himself in the first Book of his *Metamorphoses*: “ Before there was a Sea and an
 “ Earth,

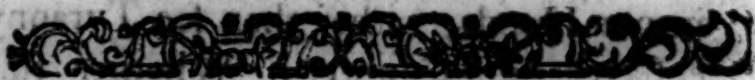
gence, and a blind Matter; Light and Darkneſs; an indigeſted Chaos, and a Deity to reduce it into Order.

Let any one read *Homer* and *Virgil*, with a proper Attention, and he will ſee, that notwithstanding the wild Flight of their Imagination, and the indecent Allegories by which they ſometimes diſhonour the Divine Nature; the Marvellous which runs through their Fables is founded upon theſe three Principles: Firſt, That there is one ſupreme God, whom they every where call the Father, and the ſovereign Lord of Gods and Men, the Architect of the World, the Prince and Governor of the Univerſe, the firſt God, and the great God. Secondly, That univerſal Nature is full of ſubordinate Spirits, who are the Miniſters of that ſupreme God. Thirdly, That Good and Evil, Virtue and Vice, Knowledge and Error, ariſe from the different Influence and Inſpiration of the good and evil Genii, who dwell in the Air, the Sea, the Earth, and the Heavens.

I shall conclude this Paper with a surprising Passage I met with in *Lucan*. When *Cato*, after crossing the Deserts of *Lybia*, arrives at the Temple of *Jupiter Ammon*, *Labienus* is for persuading him to consult the Oracle: Upon which Occasion the Poet puts this Answer in the Mouth of that philosophical Hero: “ Why do you, “ *Labienus*, propose to me to ask the Oracle, whether we should choose to die in “ a State of Freedom, with our Swords “ in our Hands, rather than see Tyranny “ enslave our Country? Whether this “ mortal Life be only a Remora to a more “ lasting one? Whether Violence can hurt “ a good Man? Whether Virtue does not “ make us superior to Misfortunes? Whether true Glory depends upon Success? “ We know these Things already; and the “ Oracle cannot give us clearer Answers, “ than what God makes us feel every Moment at the Bottom of our Heart. We “ are all united to the Deity. He has no “ need of Words to convey his Meaning “ to us; and he told us at our Birth, “ every Thing that we have Occasion to “ know.

" know. He hath not chosen the parched
 " Sands of *Lybia* to bury Truth in those
 " Deserts, that it might be understood
 " only by a small Number. He makes
 " himself known to all the World. He
 " fills all Places, the Earth, the Sea, the
 " Air, the Heavens. He makes his par-
 " ticular Abode in the Souls of the Just.
 " Why then should we seek him else-
 " where?"

X



ESSAY XXIII.

Semita certè

Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ. JUV.

If we in Peace our Lives would spend,

Let Virtue be our only End.

ANON.

I WAS Yesterday Evening engaged with
 Part of that agreeable and select As-
 sembly, where I spend the most pleasant
 and entertaining Hours of my Life: The
 Society were mostly engaged on Parties of
 Diversion,

Diversion, so that our Number consisted only of Five. The inimitable *Mariana*, at whose House we meet, the agreeable *Flavia*, the amiable *Eliza*, *Acanthus*, and myself, made up the Company.

Our Conversation turned upon the Pleasures of Virtue, and the Enjoyments that chiefly arise from virtuous Principles; and on the contrary the miserable Lives of those, who riotously spend it incircled by Vice and Folly.

Our charming Females argued upon these Topics, with so much Sweetness, good Sense, and Moderation, as would have been sufficient to have reclaimed the most Profligate from the Paths of Vice, and make them own themselves to be, with one Heart and Voice, the chearful Votaries of Virtue.

Sure! there is something inimitably soft and engaging in a female Mind! capable of moulding the robust and manly Heart, into Politeness, Delicacy, and Good-breeding. Whether it be that Women are natu-

rally softer or more polite than we, or whether it be that the Design of pleasing them, brightens our Wit and Sentiments, 'tis certain (says St. Evremont) that their Company is an excellent School for Men; and that nothing is more proper, not only to make them polite, and give them a good Taste of Things, but even to make them Men of Worth and Honour.

Our System of Philosophy was for a Time discomposed by the impertinent Visit of two Ladies of Quality. I could read in the Eyes of *Mariana* how disagreeable this Visit was; and no wonder, for in my Life I never was Ear-witness to such a Redundance of Noise, Impertinence, Envy, and Detraction. After staying near half an Hour, and in that Time doing more Mischief with those female Engines of Ill-nature,—(I mean their Tongues) than ever they could possibly do good, they took a genteel Leave, with a View, I suppose, of entertaining the next Company at our Expence.

When

When these polite Visitants were removed, and after recovering from the Surprise into which their unseasonable Intrusion had thrown us, we entered into a Conversation on the Depravity of the present Age, which deeply engaged our Attention till the Clock struck Ten; we then took our Leave, and every one went as their Fancy or their Pleasure led them. For my Part, I retired to my Lodgings, and reflecting on the Conversation of the Day, I fell insensibly asleep: *Morpheus*, with his leaden Mace, had no sooner sealed my Eyelids, but there appeared to my waking Fancy the following Vision.

Methought I was in a Road which led to two Paths, that on the Right-hand was narrow, rugged, and full of dangerous Precipices, intermingled with Briars and Thorns, which made the Way not only unpleasant, but even dangerous. Numbers of People were going this Path, but finding it so unsafe, many of them turned to the Left, and entered the other, which was broad, and for a great Length of Way

open to the Sight. The Earth was enamelled with the most beautiful Flowers, and the Hedges afforded the most fragrant Odours, from the Variety of Orange and Citron-trees that were interspersed, with an infinite Number of small Streams meandering along the Meadows; while the airy Inhabitants charmed the Ear with their melodious Warbling.

Here I found Numbers of Men and Women dancing to the harmonious Sound of the well-tun'd Cymbal. I enquired the Meaning of this extravagant Mirth, when a tall graceful Lady, who appeared the Mistress of this confused Uproar, informed me they were Votaries of Pleasure, and were going to celebrate a Festival in the Palace of that Goddess. As I was not an utter Stranger to her Face, I asked a Lady that stood next to me, who, by her Gawz-covering and an Air of Impudence, I knew to be the famous Courtezan lately supported by an old superannuated Miser, who this same Person was: It is no less than the celebrated MIRANDA, replied the fair One. I was astonished to think a Lady of
her

her Quality should enlist herself into such an abandoned Crew; but upon advancing, I found many Persons of distinguished Quality, and Numbers of my own Acquaintance; among whom were Lady Faddle, my good Lady Wriggle, and Lady Del Snarler.

As I passed on, I met a whole Troop of the Votaries of *Venus*; among which was the so much admired *Coquetilla*, on whom so many of our young Noblemen have impoverished their Fortunes; and had she not been disordered in Liquor, she would have appeared with her usual Grace and Gentility. I was going to speak to her, but her Levee was so crowded, that I thought it Prudence to forbear. Among her Train was lively *Jack Spendall*, who in Truth never had any Quarrel against her, but from the Sums he has spent upon her. They, however, have made up Matters, and he is going on in the same Road as formerly. I call'd after him, and beg'd him to take the Advice of one who wish'd him better than himself, and insisted upon his leaving her. But he was intoxicated with

a Liquor, which he had drank from a Bowl which the fair Enchantress held in her Hand: He swore I was a surly Fellow, and wondered how I could presume to set myself up for a Censurer of his Actions; that I had no relish for the more refined Enjoyments of Life; — but that all my Pleasures proceeded from the Practice—of Virtue;—then, with a sneering Laugh, he turn'd upon his Heel, and left me.

We had by this Time a View of the Palace, which was of white Marble, decorated by Art and Nature with whatever else could make it agreeable: The golden Turrets glittered in the Sun, and formed a most magnificent Appearance.

I was insensibly led away by this mad tumultuous Crowd. When we entered the Palace, we were received by a tall majestic Woman, who was, as I afterwards learnt, the Goddess of the Place. She was a Lady of a pale and lean Countenance, seated on a Throne of Ivory, inlaid with Gold, and adorned with Festoons of Flowers: Her Robe was of Silver Gawz, work'd with
Variety

Variety of Colours, and upon her Head she wore a Crown enriched with precious Stones. Her Attendants were *Confidence*, in an olive-coloured Garment; *Laughter*, in a Robe of white Silk, enriched with antic Figures; with *Venus*, *Cupid*, and *Hymen*. In this confused Multitude, was *Fame*, in thin light Garments, embroidered with Eyes and Ears; *Diffimulation*, with a Vi- zard of two Faces, in a long Robe of a changeable Colour, with a Magpie in her right Hand; *Envy*, a lean old Man, with a pale and meagre Face, in whose wither'd Cheeks the Disposition of his Mind was happily expressed; *Impudence*, in a Robe of Crimson powdered with Silver; *Jollity*, in a flame Colour; and *Pastime*, in Purple embroidered with Gold.

At the upper End of the Saloon was an Altar of Chrystal, upon which was placed a Pile of sweet-scented Woods, which per- fumed the Palace with a delicious Odour; while Concerts of Vocal and Instrumental Musick delighted the Ear: Round the Apartment hung Pictures of Men and Women

Women in the most lascivious Postures, that could possibly be invented.

In one Part were Tables for Cards, to which the Company flew with an amazing Eagerness; those who were not so happy as to get a Seat at the Card Tables, resorted to one Corner of the Apartment, where a Woman was sacrificing a whole Hecatomb of Reputations to Malice and Detraction. Others were flocking to a Table, which was set out with whatever Luxury could invent: At the upper End of the Table sat *Intemperance*, in a Robe embossed with Implements of Gluttony; behind her Chair stood *Sickness*, in a long black Robe, who seldom refuses her Votaries a Taste of the Bitter, but wholesome Draught of Sorrow and Repentance; while others retired into the Garden, with each his Nymph, to taste the delicate Enjoyments of *Venus*.

As I was only a Spectator in this Crowd, I was going to overlook those who were at Cards, when a Woman of great Beauty, and in a most tempting Dishabille, with a Chrystal Goblet in her Hand, came up to me,

me, and was persuading me, in the most alluring Manner, to partake with her of the enchanting Pleasures that the Palace afforded. My Mind was become sensible of Pleasure; the Music, and the different Scenes that appeared, made me incapable of holding out any longer against the united Force of so many Charms: I was near yielding to this enchanting *Circe*, when I found myself pulled by a Woman wrapt in a blue Mantle, who beckoned me to follow her. My Nymph would have detained me, but the great Desire which I had of knowing who this extraordinary Personage was, made me obey without Hesitation.

When we had passed the Gate of the Palace, she threw off her Mantle, and appeared a most lovely Woman, in a Robe of White and Silver: I immediately knew her to be the Goddess of *Virtue*. So great was my Confusion, that I could not find Words to express myself. Yon right-hand Path, said she, leads to the Temple of Virtue; then fly this destructive Place, and

and the Charms of that deceitful Sorceress,
 who, without my timely Assistance, would
 have torn you from the Paths of Virtue.
 This said, she instantly vanished from my
 Sight.

Z



E S S A Y XXIV.

— An me ludit amabilis
 Infania? audire et videor pios.
 Errare per lucos, amoenæ
 Quos et aquæ subeunt et auræ.

HOR. Od. 4. l. 3. v. 5.

— Does airy Fancy cheat
 My Mind, well pleased with the Deceit?
 I seem to hear, I seem to move,
 And wander thro' the happy Grove,
 Where smooth Springs flow, and murm'ring Breeze
 Wantons thro' the waving Trees. CREECH.

THE Goddess had no sooner left me,
 than I reflected on the Danger I had
 ran, and the Preservation which had been
 afforded me, for I was on the Brink of
 Ruin. I then ventured to look back on
 the

the Place I had abandoned; when instead of a noble Building, melodious Harmony, and enchanting Prospects, appeared a rude and gothic Heap of Stone, that seemed every Moment as if going to crush me with its Fall; dismal Howlings and Yellings assailed my Ear, insomuch that I was glad to retreat with Precipitation from so horrid a Prospect.

I had these Yellings in my Ears, till I reached the right-hand Path, which terminated in a View of the Temple of Virtue. It was a stately Fabric of grey Marble, uniform, but without the least Decoration; it was seated upon a stupendous Rock, and commanding a Prospect of the adjacent Country; behind it was built the Temple of Honour; intimating, that Honour cannot be attained without an Acquaintance with Virtue.

I met many Persons who were all going the same Road. One Lady came up to me, and enquired if there was no Card-playing in the Temple, for if there is not,

I have toiled and laboured to no Purpose. Cards are the dearest Things I have on Earth!—Give me but Cards!—and let the World forsake me! Another hoped she should be entertained with soft Music, for if there is no Opera's I am an undone Woman! Let me have the divine Hand of *Giardini*, with the melodious Pipe of the and the to charm my Ear, for without them, there is nothing worth living for! A Lady of a very graceful Form, who is much esteemed in the polite World; for there is scarce any fashionable Amusements which *Sabina* is unacquainted with; she was desirous of knowing if she was not to be entertained with the Beauties of the Stage. What is there in Life worth the Desire of Living, without being hourly entertained with my dear, dear, little G——k!

A pretty smart dapper Fellow enquired of me, if there was no *Gaming*, for I am very bad Company without a Box and Dice; but the Instant they appear, I am the most gay, lively, alert, facetious Fellow in the World. Another informed me, that

that of all Things his greatest Delight was in *Cocking and Racing*; that he bred the finest game Cocks, and the best Hunters in the Kingdom: In short, that all the Joy he had in Life, centered in those Amusements. I stood astonished at the Variety of Pleasures that constituted the Happiness of these poor Mortals; but informed them, that they would not find the Enjoyments they had set their Minds on, in the Temple of *Virtue*; but if they took the left-hand Path, they would find the Road more pleasant and more agreeable, and that it would terminate in a Place where they might enjoy their Heart's Desire: They took my Advice, and followed the flowery and enchanting Paths of *Luxury and Pleasure*.

By this Time, with infinite Toil and Labour, I had gained the Foot of the Rock, on which was built the desired Temple: The Ascent was steep and dangerous; but I was firmly resolved that no Obstacles should prevent me from gaining the Summit; and after a long, tedious and painful Journey, at length I gained the
Eminence.

Eminence. Over the Gate of the Temple was wrote in fair Characters:

*He who with Labour climbs steep Virtue's Hill,
Tho' e'er so high he climbs, must labour still;
Each Step should haste the latter to secure,
Lest that prove hollow, he imagines sure:
For should he slip, his Fall becomes the more
Expos'd to Scorn as he was high before.*

I found most of those who had endeavoured to climb the Hill, either gave out through Fatigue, or through Fear of being buried in the dismal Caverns in the Side of the Rock. I then, with trembling Steps, entered the sacred Receptacle: I found there none of those gay Scenes, that were in the Palace of Pleasures; nothing reign'd here but *Decency, Order, and Harmony*. I found most of our amiable Society, with many of distinguished Characters in Life, among which were the illustrious *Montanor*, and his divine Consort, the charming *Felicia*.

At the upper End of the grand Saloon, sat *Truth*, a Lady rather advanced in Years, attired with great Gravity and Modesty; *Peace*, a blooming Girl, holding in her Arms the Infant *Plutus*, the God of Riches,

Riches, and Ruler of this lower World; Faith, in a white Robe, holding in her Hand a golden Cup; Hope was in pale Blue, with a silver Anchor. There were likewise Religion, Justice, Innocency, and Concord. At the lower End sat Unanimity, Wisdom, and Modesty.

I then entered a Passage which was very narrow, and full of intricate Turnings and dangerous Precipices; till at length, with no small Fatigue and Labour, I came to the Apartment where the Goddess was. Over the Door was wrote in golden Characters:

*Fierce Monsters do this narrow Passage bound,
And deadly Dangers harbour all around;
Yet Virtue does her Follow'rs safely guide,
Lest they should go astray on either Side:
For blest with Virtue, Man's secure from Harm;
Virtue alone, fierce Monsters can disarm.
And Hope proclaims afar, Come here and see
Your Sorrow, and your Mourning, turn'd to Joy.
Here Peace and joyful Rest for ever dwell,
Which neither Pow'r nor Time shall ever quell.
Justice and Virtue must your Actions scan,
For heav'nly Virtue is the whole of Man!*

From

From her divine Presence reflected such Rays of celestial Brightness, that enlighten'd the whole Apartment. On her Right-hand stood *Providence*, in the Figure of a young Lady of an amiable Countenance, with her Hands lifted up to Heaven.

On her Left stood *Piety*, a Lady of a sober Countenance; in her Right-hand she held a Sword stretched over an Altar, in her Left a Stork; and by her Side, an Elephant and a Child. *Equality* was a Lady of extreme Beauty, lighting two Torches at once. All these Ladies were emblematical of the Virtues they represented.

The Goddess received me with a smiling Affability; and beckoning me to her: I am pleased, said she, to find that you have overcome all the Obstacles to the Entrance of my Temple. I suffered you to be tempted in Hopes that you would have resisted all the Enticements of Pleasure: But alas! you wanted a Strength of Resolution to withstand her powerful Attacks. Take a Review of the many Objects that surround
7 you,

you, and you will too often see Vice trick'd out in the borrowed Robes of Virtue, in order the better to deceive an unthinking World; who nourish in their Breasts the Poison that stings them; but had they Resolution to pluck off her gaudy Trappings, they would behold her in her native Uglinefs and Deformity.

Oh *Britain!* once happy Isle! where Honour kept her Court, and I delighted to disport upon thy Banks! How art thou degenerated from thy former self! Depravity of Manners, Effeminacy and Luxury corrupt your Youth, and Vice bears the Sway!—See! what a splendid Court has *Pleasure!* her Levee is crowded with the Young and Gay, the Rich and Poor, all blended without Distinction; while mine are a few but select Number; *Decency* and *Modesty*, are their peculiar Pleasures, more to be preferred than all the gawdy Trappings of Vice! She has the most Strings, but mine makes far the better Music!

Do not repine that Fortune has not smiled upon you, in her late Visit on *Bri-*

L

tain's

tain's Isle; for many that formerly trod in the Paths of Virtue, upon receiving Favours from the fickle Goddess, now Riot in Excess in the Palace of Pleasure. Riches are the Touchstone whereby we find out the real Principles of Men. In Poverty they are *tender, kind, and virtuous*; but change the Scene, and let Fortune smile upon them, they are, on the contrary, *cruel, inhuman, and vicious*. Riches are Rocks on which many split, therefore do not regret the Loss of her Favours, for as she is blind, she thoughtlessly dispenses her Bounties on a tumultuous Crowd who put those Favours to a wrong Use; and perhaps had she smiled on you, it might have been the Means of drawing you aside from my Precepts, and you would have dissolved your Time in Luxury and Pleasure.

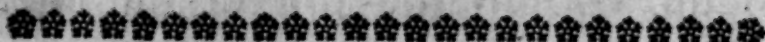
If the Journey through Life be arduous and toilsome; if it be over-run with Briars and Thorns; or if Rocks and Quickfands interrupt our Passage, yet ought we not to complain, since these are only Trials of our Faith; and they will terminate in Seats of celestial Bliss, and Mansions of eternal Glory.

Our

Our divine Instructress was proceeding to give us more of her sage Admonitions, when the folding Doors were thrown open, and judge my Astonishment and Joy when I saw enter, led by *Modesty*, the amiable *Clarinda*, accompanied by that Paragon of her Sex the inimitable *Volumnia*: I ran to congratulate my best beloved *Clarinda* into the celestial Mansions of Virtue.

The Goddesses received them with a Look of ineffable Delight, and turning to *Volumnia*, Welcome! O my Daughter, cry'd she, into the Paths of Virtue; *Thou hast sought after Wisdom, and hast got Understanding; Length of Days is in her Right-hand, and in her left Riches and Honour. Her Ways are Ways of Pleasantness, and all her Paths are Peace. Thy Children rise up and call thee Blessed, thy Husband also, and he praiseth thee: Many Daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.*

At that Instant a violent Noise in my Apartment awaked me, and put an End to this Dream of Happiness.



ESSAY XXV.

To Miss H—— on her Birth-Day.

O! bright *Lucina*, give me aid
 To sing the Birth-day of the Maid,
 The Maid, the Subject of my Song,
 To whom all earthly Joys belong:
 Fair *Nancy* still, the Pride of all,
 The Life, and Wonder of the *Mall*;
 Whose Beauty daily fires my Soul,
 Directs my Pen, and rules the Whole;
 Still governs with despotic Sway,
 And rules, the Empress of the Day.
 Tell me, what Omens, at your Birth
 Declar'd your Charms, and growing Worth:
 Did your great Grannam's Monkey chatter,
 Or Gossips lies each other spatter?
 Did howling Dogs, or boding Owls,
 With all those strange prognostic Fowls,
 On Chimneys top, or Steeples height,
 With Song obscene disturb the Night,
 And frighten'd Women with their Scream,
 Or had Mamma some frightful Dream?
 No!—all went fair, and all went right,
 When little *Nancy* saw the Light.
 Some say she laugh'd,—some say she cry'd,
 But thus the Matter I decide.

She

She did as other Children do,
 She sneez'd.—What else?—What's that to you?
 Her Mother too was in her Prime,
 And went, they say, her usual Time:
 Her Grannam says, nine Months she went,
 And then unto the Midwife sent:
 The Midwife and the Gossips came,
 With many a civil—prating Dame,
 From ev'ry Parish, far and near,
 With Scandal, which brought up the Rear.
 At Groanings, you are sure to meet,
 Scandal and Caudle for the Treat;
 Strong Liquors,—Wine,—and eke Plum-cake,
 For those who have—the Belly-ach;
 Odious Complaint!—O shame to tell,
 The Dram goes round,—and all is well.

THEN Madam Scandal takes her turn,
 (Where Tongues, with ill-fraught Malice burn.)
 Lord, Madam, do you hear Miss *Prue*,
 That little ugly frightful *Jew*,
 Who, about Men, makes such ado?
 Those odious, ugly, filthy Creatures,
 So Monkey-like, in all their Features;
 That if one toucht her, she would faint,
 And would be thought—a very Saint.
 Last Night was caught,—with I know who,
 Upon the Grass,—behind the Yew.
 Dear Madam *Partlet*, cries another,
 We know full well,—she means your Brother;

For all her Looks, her Winks, and Head,
 'Tis plain she means your Brother *Ned*.
 My Brother!—Madam *Parilet* cries,
 And throws about her winking Eyes;
 My Brother has a better Taste,
 Than with Miss *Prue* his Time to waste;
 But—Jealousy has Eyes and Ears,
 And—Jealous Women have—their Fears.
 Jealous! Madam, cry'd the other,
 Of one so ugly,—as your Brother;
 So like his Sister—I declare
 I don't know which—is uglier.
 Fie, cries a Third;—why all this Strife?
 You'll frighten Madam, on my Life.
 But hark!—We're call'd, our aid to lend,
 And give Assistance to our Friend.

THE good Wife's Pains I cease to tell,
 Suffice to say, all Things went well.
 The Midwife, a good knowing Dame,
 Had much Experience in that same;
 Full thirty Years her Time had spent,
 And at all Groanings, gave Content.
 The Child's now born, their Strife does cease,
 They eat and drink, and laugh in Peace:
 Then round the Fire, in lively Chat,
 They think of this, and talk of that;
 The Danger o'er, and Stranger drest,
 They then sit down to laugh and feast.

Then Nurse approaches with the Cherry---
 'Tis humming strong, 'twill make us merry ;
 And faith 'tis right, the Night is cold,
 And Brandy's good, the Doctors hold ;
 And who with them shall dare dispute,
 For they---are always absolute.
 I'm sure they're right, for Brandy's good,
 It cheers the Stomach, warms the Blood,
 And makes us talk, and laugh, and sing,
 And say and do, but ev'ry Thing.
 We're none but Women, own the Truth,
 Strong Liquor pleases, e'en in Youth :
 In Age we drink, 'tis Drams give Fire,
 Our freezing Blood, with Warmth inspire.
 The Health goes round, they laugh and smile,
 With pleasant Talk, the Hours beguile.

AY! cries a lisping Dame, I see
 How great a Beauty she will be :
 There's Mamma's Mouth, her Looks, her Air, }
 And Jenny's Dimple, I declare ;
 Aunt Fanny's Smile, and Daddy's Hair. }
 Bless me ! cries Madam in the Straw,
 My little Ann's without a Flaw !
 Nurse ! bring the Child, and let me kiss her !
 Sweet little Dear ! May Heav'n bless her !
 May Heav'n make you its constant Care,
 May you be Virtuous, Good, and Fair :
 May you be happy all your Life,
 In either State, of Maid or Wife !

Now having tir'd you with my Song,
 My Tale no longer I'll prolong ;
 But join with Ma'm, and ev'ry Guest,
 That waited at the Groaning Feast ;
 In wishing you may ever find,
 The Blessings of a peaceful Mind :
 May you on Earth, have ev'ry Bliss,
 Long Life ! Content ! and Happiness !

Z

F R A G M E N T.

THE sprightly Lass, once turn'd Fifteen,
 Forsakes the Shepherd and the Green.
 The rural Song no more invites,
 Nor purling Stream again delights :
 For *London* now she anxious glows,
 And wishes for a Crowd of Beaux :
 Her Glass proclaims her growing Beauty,
 Her Passion, Dress ; and Love, her Duty.

IN this convinc'd, to Town she comes,
 Presides at nightly Routs and Drums ;
 Rejects the rural Sighs, and Streams,
 To be the Empress of *St. James*.
 Glories to make her Rival jealous,
 And twice a Day must toast her Fellows.
 In Dress and Lace, a Critic nice,
 Exactly knows the lowest Price :
 Can tell who paints, has real Teeth,
 Or uses Opiates for the Breath ;

Whose

Whose Stays are Steel, on which Side padded,
And who is soonest to be married.

No Milliner in *Covent-Garden*,
Can cheat the Charmer of a Farthing.
Will place a Patch with so much Art,
It never fails to catch a Heart.

The Wise, the Dull, the Gay, the Brave,
By turns become the Charmer's Slave.
But she, resisting, still disdains

The Proffers of her amorous Swains:
Their Vows are too sincere to please,
Her Pride disdains such Vows as these.
But vengeance Goddess; watchful still
To punish Mortals, for their Ill,

Made *Cupid* in a luckless Hour
Dispatch a Beau, to shew his Power:
He came, he saw,---the trembling Maid
Her sudden Passion soon betray'd,
What modern Nymph could view his Charms,
And not desire him in her Arms.

With minuet Step, with Wit at will,
Expert at Picquet, and Quadrille.
French Politesse, Italian Airs,
His Shoes, his Garters, Solitaires,
His powdered Wig, his Hat, and Plume,
And all *Arabia* in Perfume,
His Coat of Silver lin'd with blue,
And the true Buskin for a Shoe,

Were Charms too mighty for the Maid,
Her anxious Heart was soon betray'd;

226 *The* HUMOURIST.

Becomes the Dupe of Noise and Shew,
And gives her Honour to the Beau.

THUS heedless, and above controul,
The forward Girl sets out from School;
Receives each *tendre* of a Heart,
And trifles with the pointed Dart;
'Till pleasing and familiar grown,
She fancies all the Power her own:
But when she thinks she's quite secure,
Receives a Wound admits no Cure..

X

EPIGRAM.

I wonder, says *Doll*, that your Women in Town
Will yield to your Wishes for poor half a Crown:
I am sure, not the richest brave Man in the Land
For ten Times the Sum, should have me at Com-
mand.

For a Shilling, says *Roger*, I always had thee;
You Villain, you lie, for last Time you gave Three.

X

*An ELEGY, suppos'd to the Memory of
Capt. —, who died of the Small-Pox.*

Vain were the Task, to give the Soul to glow,
The Nerve to kindle, and the Verse to flow;
When the fond Mourner, hid from ev'ry Eye,
Bleeds in the Anguish of too keen a Sigh;
And lost to Glory, lost to all his Fire,
Forgets the Port, before he grasps the Lyre.
Nature!

Nature! tis thine, with *Manly* warmth to mourn
 Expiring *Virtue*,---and the *Closing Urn* ;
 To teach, dear *Seraph!* o'er the *Good* and *Wise*,
 The *Dirge* to murmur, and the *Bust* to rise!
Come then, O guiltless of the *Tear* of *Art!*
 Sprung from the *Sky*, and thron'd within the
Heart!

O *Come!* in all the *Pomp* of *Grief* array'd,
 And weep the *Warrior*,--while I grace the *Shade!*
 'Tis o'er---the bright delusive *Scene* is o'er,
 And *Wars* proud *Visions* mock the *Soul* no more;
 The *Laurel* fades, th' *Imperial Car* retires,
 All *Youth* ennobles, and all *Worth* admires.

Alas! my ---!--and must this mourning *Verse*,
 Resign thy *Triumphs*, to attend thy *Hearse!*
 Was it for this, that *Friendship's* genial *Flame*,
 Woke all my *Wishes*, from the *Trance* of *Fame!*
 Was it for *this*, I left the hallow'd *Page*,
 Where every *Science* beams of ev'ry *Age* ;
 On *Thought's* strong *Pinion*, rang'd the martial
Scene

From *Rome's* first *Cæsar*, to the great *Eugene* :
 Explor'd the embattled *Van*, the deepning *Line*,
 Th' enambush'd *Phalanx* and the springing *Mine* ;
 Then pale with *Horror*, bent the suppliant *Knee*,
 And hear'd the *Sigh*, and dropp'd the *Tear* for thee!

What boots it now, that when with hideous *Roar*,
 The gath'ring *Tempest*, howl'd from ev'ry *Shore*,

Some pitying *Angel*, vigilant to save [*Wave!*
 Spread all his *Plumes*, and snatch'd thee from the
 Preserv'd thee sacred, from the fell Disease,

When the *blue Plague* had fir'd th' *Autumnal Breeze!*

Ab! when my *Heroe* panted to engage,

Where all the *Battle* burst in all its *Rage!*

Where dreadful flew the *missive Deaths* around,

And the mad *Faulchion* blush'd from *Wound* to

Was he deny'd the Privilege to bleed, [*Wound!*

Sav'd on the *Main*, to fall upon the *Tweed!*

Ye Graces! tell with what Address he stole

The *listning Ear*, and open'd all the *Soul!*

What tho' rough *Winter* bid his *Whirlwinds* rise,

Hid his *pale Suns*, and frown'd along his *Skies!*

Pour'd the *big Deluge* on the Face of *Day*,

My *Hughes* was here, to smile the *Glooms* away!

With all the Luxuries of *Sound* to move,

The *Pulse of Glory*, or the Sigh of *Love*;

And, spite of *Winter*, *Lassitude*, or *Pain*,

Taught *Life* and *Joy* to throb in every *Vein!*

Fancy! dear *Artist* of the *mental Pow'r*,

Fly! fetch my *Genius* to the *social Hour!*

Give me again, his glowing *Sense* to warm,

His *Song* to warble, and his *Wit* to charm!

Alas! Alas! how impotently true,

The *aërial Pencil* forms the *Scene anew!*

E'en now, when all the *Vision* beams around,

And my *Ear* kindles with th' ideal *Sound!*

Just as the *Smiles*, the *Graces* live impress,

And all his *Image* takes up all my *Breast!*

Some

Some gloomy *Phantom* brings the awful Bier,
And the short *Rapture* melts into a *Tear*!

Thus, in the *Lakes* clear *Crystal* we descry,
The *bright* Diffusion of a radiant *Sky*.
Reflected *Nature* sheds a milder *Green*,
While half her *Forests* float into the *Scene*.
Ah! as we gaze, the luckless *Zephyr* flies,
The *Surface* trembles, and the *Picture* dies!

O *Blest*, with all that *Youth* can give to please,
The form *majestic*, and the *Mien* of *Ease*;
Alike empower'd, by *Nature* and by *Art*,
To storm the *Rampart*, or to win the *Heart*;
Correct of *Manners*, delicate of *Mind*,
With *Spirit* humble, and with *Truth* refin'd!

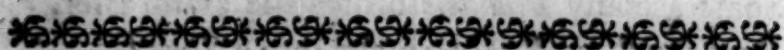
For *Public* Life's *Meridian* *Sunshine* made,
Yet known to ev'ry *Virtue* of the *Shade*;
In *War*, while all the *Trumps* of *Fame* inspire,
Each *Passion* raving, and each *Wish* on fire;
At *Home* without, or *Vanity*, or *Rage*,
As soft as *Pity*, and as cool as *Age*!

These were thy *Virtues*! these will still be just,
Light all their *Beams*, and blaze upon thy *Dust*;
While *Pride* in vain, *Solemnity* bequeaths,
To *Pow'r* her *Statues*, and to *Guilt* her *Wreaths*;
Or, warm'd by *Faction*, impudently flings
The *Price* of *Nations*, on the *Urns* of *Kings*!

* *

Z X

ESSAY



E S S A Y XXVI.

*Thus all Things are but alter'd, nothing dies,
 And here and there, th' unbod'y'd Spirit flies
 By Time, or Force, or Sickneſs diſpoſeſt,
 And lodges where it lights in Man or Beaſt;
 Or hunts without, till ready Limbs it find,
 And actuates thoſe according to their Kind;
 From Tenement to Tenement is toſſ'd,
 The Soul is ſtill the ſame, the Figure only loſt.
 E'en I, who theſe myſterious Truths declare,
 Was once Euphorbus in the Trojan War;
 My Name and Lineage I remember well,
 And how in Fight, by Sparta's King I fell.*

DRYDEN.

NOT only *Pythagoras*, but *Plato*, *Socrates*, and indeed all the Antients of any Repute in the Schools, embraced this Opinion of the Transmigration, or different progreſſive Steps of the Soul. Many were of Opinion, and have endeavour'd to maintain it with many learned Arguments, that the Souls now exiſting, and animating the ſeveral Species of BEINGS we ſee moving before us on the Face
 of

of the Earth, to be the real, absolute and identical Souls at first created coequal with the Foundation of the Universe ; but offending against the supreme Being are only doing, or rather suffering, *expiatory Punishments* in the Bodies of terrestrial Animals ; and that after they have endured this for a certain Season, or period of Time, are again to be received into the Regions of Bliss, and to be no more unhappy.

However chimerical this Opinion may seem, it perfectly coincides with the Thoughts of the Antients, at least hangs so near their adopted Opinions, that such a Conclusion may naturally be drawn, and though we in our own Opinion, look upon them as the Writings and Opinions of Men of the abstruse and less enlightened Ages ; yet the Wisdom of the Moderns, though improved by Christianity, have not been able to draw clearer and more satisfactory Conclusions on the Soul's Immortality than *Plato*, and the rest of the School Divines have left us.

“ Souls

“ Souls (says *Plato* in his *Phædo*) that
“ are too much given to bodily Pleasures,
“ and are in a Manner besotted, wander
“ upon the Earth, and are put into new
“ Bodies. For all Sensuality and Passion
“ bind the Soul more closely to Bodies,
“ make her fancy that she is of the same
“ Nature, and render her in a manner
“ Corporeal: So that she contracts an In-
“ capacity of flying away into another
“ Life, and being oppressed with the
“ Weight of her Impurity and Corrup-
“ tion, sinks deeper into Matter, and be-
“ comes thereby disabled to remount to-
“ wards the Regions of Purity, and attain
“ to her re-union with her Principle.”

Upon this Foundation is built the Doc-
trine of the Transmigration of Souls,
which *Plato* represents in the second *Timeus*
as an Allegory, and at other Times as a
real State, where Souls that have made
themselves unworthy of the supreme Bea-
titude sojourn and suffer successively in
the Bodies of different Animals, till they
are

are purged at last of their Crimes by the Pains they undergo.

Plato, in his *Timeus*, tells us of a remarkable Discourse that *Solon* in his Travels, had with an *Egyptian* Priest, about the Antiquity of the World, its Origin, and the Revolutions which had happened in it, according to the Mythology of the *Greeks*. Upon which occasion the *Egyptian* Priest said to him, “ O *Solon*, you *Greeks* are
“ always Children, and you never come to
“ an Age of Maturity: Your Understanding is young, and has no true Notion
“ of Antiquity: There have been *several*
“ Deluges and Conflagrations upon Earth,
“ caused by Changes in the Motions of
“ the Heavenly Bodies. Your History of
“ *Phaeton*, whatever Air it has of a Fable,
“ is nevertheless not without a real Foundation: We *Egyptians* have preserved
“ the Memory of those Facts in our Monuments and Temples; whereas it is
“ but a very little while that the *Greeks*
“ have had any Knowledge of Letters, of
“ the Muses, and of Sciences.

“ Every

“ Every Soul (continues *Plato*) which
 “ follows God faithfully into the super-
 “ celestial Regions, continues pure and
 “ without blemish ; but if it takes up with
 “ *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*, and does not at-
 “ tend on *Jupiter’s* Chariot, to go and
 “ contemplate Truth, it grows heavy and
 “ sluggish. It breaks its Wings, it falls
 “ upon the Earth, and enters into an Hu-
 “ man Body more or less vile, according
 “ as it has been more or less elevated.
 “ Souls less degraded than others, *dwell in*
 “ *the Bodies of Philosophers*. The most
 “ despicable of all, animate the Bodies of
 “ Tyrants and evil Princes. Their Con-
 “ dition alters after Death, and becomes
 “ more or less happy, according as they
 “ have lov’d Virtue or Vice in their Life-
 “ time. *After Ten Thousand Years, Souls*
 “ *will be re-united to their Principle*. Du-
 “ ring that Space of Time their Wings
 “ grow again and are renewed.”

The *Gymnosophists*, from whom *Pytha-*
goras embraced all those Opinions which he
 taught the *Greeks*, maintained that Souls
 were

were eternal Emanations of the Divine Essence, or at least that they were produced long before the Creation of the World; that they were originally in a State of Purity, but sinned, and have been ever since thrown down into the Bodies of Men and *Beasts*, according to their several Demerits; so that the Body, where the Soul resides, is a Sort of Dungeon or Prison.

In a Word, they hold that, after a certain Number of *Transmigrations*, all Souls shall be re-united to their Origin, shall be readmitted into the Company of the Gods and shall at last be deified.

This we find to be the prevailing Opinion among the *Greeks, Egyptians, Persians, Indians, and Chinese*, and among all Writers among the Ancients of those several Nations, we find them endeavouring to propagate and support these transmigrative Tenets. Nor indeed do we find that even the Enlightening of Christianity has exploded that Belief in the Minds of many; but the Support of such an Opinion is not only superior to my Abilities, but will at the

the same Time exceed the Length of the Intent of this Essay.

Mr. *Dryden* is somewhat grave in those Lines I have quoted at the Head of this Paper, and it is not impossible but that his Belief might have tended towards this System, which, supposing to exist, accounts with some Appearance of Reason, for those constant Phenomenas we see in Nature, but at the same Time a little staggers our Reason, that we are not sensible of our Removal from a former State, or else this must be supposed to be the first State in which the Soul is supposed to exist after its Condemnation to its various Transitions and Misfortunes.

In either of these Cases, the End of Punishment seems not to be fully answered, because we are not brought to a true Conviction of the Cause of our Sufferings: Our being insensible of the Bliss we once possessed, makes us incapable of judging with that Acuteness and Distinction we otherwise should, of the Miseries we feel in this Life, or indeed of determining if they really

really are, or ought to be considered as Miseries. Does the Soul retain her Retention? Has it even the most distant View of its once happy State? We know of nothing in our Planet that amounts to a Conviction: And an Hypothesis can amount to no more than a bare Probability. We are guided in our present Sentiments by the Minds of Men; no doubt of learned Men; and the ablest Scholars and Philosophers of their Time: But their Conclusions are only drawn from Opinions and Conjectures, amounting to no demonstrative Conclusions like our Astronomical and Mathematical Observations; and being but the Opinions of Men like ourselves, are, also like ourselves, liable to Error.

Pythagoras, we know, borrowed his Opinions relating to the State of the Soul, from the *Egyptians*, nor, as before observ'd, was he the only Person who propagated and embraced these Hypotheses. The same Philosopher learnt at the same Time, and from the same People, his Astronomy; which

which he inculcated in the Minds of his Pupils and Disciples: His early Knowledge prevented his having such Demonstrations of the Truth of his Opinion, as the *Egyptians* had enjoyed for a Series of Years; it could in him therefore be only Hypothesis: We believed it no more, *Ptolemy* and his Adherents believed it no more, and the *Samian's* Opinion being contrary to the Scripture, which Writings were supposed impossible to be erroneous, *Ptolemy*, with the Church on his Side, bore down (as has been in many other Instances often the Case) against the strongest and most violent Adherents to this Opinion of *Pythagoras*. *Copernicus* indeed made many Efforts and large Strides to Demonstration and Discovery. As did also the famous *Gallileo*, who to the Scandal of Religion, and Dishonour of Learning, was obliged to save himself from Death, by solemnly abjuring as heretical, prophane, and abominable, that System of Astronomy, which is at this Time, known by Demonstrations, to be the real and absolute System of the World.

If

If the Mind takes a Retrospect on the Persecutions and Disadvantages this Opinion of *Pythagoras*, relating to the Earth's Motion, has laboured under for upwards of 2000 Years, and which Numbers of Men looked upon as merely Hypothetical, if not absurd, because the Scripture maintained the Sun stood still to assist *Joshua*. I say were these wise Men of Antiquity, or at least those who thought themselves so, now living to see the Convictions of a *Newton*, a *Hally*, or a *Boyle*, with what a striking Conviction must they look on a Demonstration of those Things they once thought impossible. Time may perhaps lead to a Discovery of more sublime Matters, and what seems to us impracticable and absurd, may appear to be familiar and rational to our Posterity.

We are convinced Pythagoras was not mistaken in his Hypothesis of the System of the World, we know not that he is mistaken in that of the Soul.

Indeed

Indeed the End of Punishment don't appear to be fully answered in this Life, as we are not certain of our Crimes; we are indeed of Opinions of *general* Crimes, but then our Punishments don't seem to be *general*: One enjoys Health, Peace, and Competence, Serenity and Virtue, another wants them all: Does the Soul of each endure a like Penance? If it does, then these are neither Benefits nor Virtues; and supposing them to be Benefits and Virtues, there appears notwithstanding a Partiality in the Disposition of them.

There is nothing good or ill but thinking makes it so: The most abstruse and Stoical Philosopher, if he will not say, will at least think, that Health and Competence are certainly the choicest Blessings that Heaven bestows on Mankind: Yet do we not daily see these Blessings attending the Oppressor, the Murderer, and the Extortioner; while the virtuous, good and charitable Disposition, shall run through the Stage of Life denied its common Benefits.

If

If then the Soul is doing expiatory Penance, and it is acknowledged, that what we think Sufferings are at least so in this Life, does it appear consistent that the *Good* shall be *punished*, and the *Wicked* rewarded?

Perhaps we may not be able to distinguish Good and Evil, or these Dispositions may be past our Comprehension, for the End of Punishment according to the narrow Conceptions of Human Nature seems not to be answered.

It may be observed, that we shall be punished in the next State in Proportion as we abound here, and the Unhappy here shall surely be rewarded hereafter. Do we then live to receive Rewards only to be punished, or be punished merely to be rewarded? There seems a Wantonness in such Dispositions; and so absurd, as to make it amount to the highest Impiety to suppose the Being of Beings concerned in such a Distribution of Things.

M

Could

Could we, in the Removal from one State to the other, know the Bliss or Misery we before possessed, our Happiness or Misery would be proportioned: Did *Alexander* the Great keep the Sutling-house at the Horse-guards, and know he had once been *Alexander*, he would then be sensible of his Depression, and the End of Punishment would seem to be answered. Did the indigent, oppressed and diseased Mortal, labouring under every Anguish in this World, behold, or be able to retain a Sense of the Elysium, he might perhaps possess in a former State, the Soul would then in reality be torn with Ideas inconceivably agonizing. On the contrary, we are in the Dark, in respect to the Life we have past,—and what shall be our State in the next, we are not able to determine.

I do not recollect, in any Part of the *Pentateuch*, that Mankind is threatened by *Moses* with any Punishment hereafter: Death seems to be the Denunciation against all those who were not compliable with his Directions; to be cut off *from the Face of the*
the

the Earth was the great *Anathema* of his Time; you are encouraged by the fifth Commandment to honour thy Parents *that thy Days may be long in the Land.* *Moses* seems to have no Idea of the Metempsychosis, at least it does not appear he had; and yet the *Egyptians*, his Cotemporaries, maintained and confirmed that Opinion.

Noah was the peculiar Favourite of the Divine Being: He and his Family were the only Persons that were saved, and peopled the postdiluvian World: They divided and settled in *Egypt*, *Syria*, and that Country North of the *Mediterranean*. Should we not suppose the Religion of *Noah* acceptable to the Deity? Should we not imagine the Religion of the Sons to be that of the Father, when the Father had so laudable an Opportunity to expatiate on the Bounties of that Creator who saved them in that universal Deluge, and must certainly be supposed to inculcate that Worship which was most acceptable to him.—Yet *Japhet*, *Shem*, and *Ham*, were all Idolaters—immediate Idolaters—and propagated those Principles in *Europe*, *Africa*, and *Asia*.

We find the Tenets of Religion to have been changing even its Foundation from that Time.—Laws continually confirmed and abolished, new Principles and different Opinions of Faith and the Divine Being, and the Soul's Immortality! Does our material Part suffer continual Changes, and require still new Edicts in order to bind it to a due Reverence of its Creator?—or can Imperfection flow from the Fountain of all Things perfect?—or could he who pierces through the Immensity of his created Worlds, and see to the Extremes of Eternity, create a Work imperfect, that should need the weak Efforts of Mankind to complete it, by Principles continually changing from mere Conjecture, when in his Power to declare, to all Nations in the World at once, the Method by which he would be adored, and not confine his Revelations to so small a Part of the Globe; and that Part subdivided into numberless chimerical Opinions and Determinations.

*The Good, we know, are Heaven's peculiar Care;
But who, but God, can tell us who they are.*

POPE.

ESSAY



ESSAY XXVII.

Jam redit & Virgo, redeunt Saturnia Regna.

VIRG.

From my Garret in Tothill-Street.

AS I was musing on the universal Depravity of the present Age, I insensibly fell into a Slumber, when I found myself on a sudden conveyed into the *Elysian Fields*, where the Poets feigned the Good, by the Favour of *Jupiter*, received the Reward of their Virtues. Here bloomed a perpetual Spring, gentle Breezes, a pure and temperate Air, the Plants and Flowers sent forth grateful Odours, while my Ears were delighted with the Harmony of the feathered Songsters.

I began to fancy that my Soul had really wing'd its flight from this World, and that I had been wafted over by *Charon* to these happy Mansions of Joy and Pleasure.

M 3

I had

I had not proceeded far in my Walks in this delightful Spot, when I perceived, approaching towards me, the divine *Astræa*, whose Form I believed myself perfectly acquainted with. I ran to her, and placing one Knee upon the Ground, I addressed the celestial Messenger in the following Terms :

“ Glorious Divinity! what has the
 “ humblest of your Servant’s done, to
 “ merit this Favour!—A Favour! too great
 “ to bestow on Mortals!—And yet there
 “ was a Time!—but that’s for ever past
 “ and gone, when *Astræa* deign’d by her
 “ Presence to instruct the Sons of Earth!”

Rise, my Son! cried the Goddess, my Business on Earth, at present, is to give you an Insight into the Manners and Behaviour of the Inhabitants of the Place which claims your Birth: Follow me, and I will conduct you to the Court, where you will find Vice and Folly reign in their most glaring Colours. ’Tis not the glittering and fallacious Charms of Nobility or Riches, that can conceal, or give a
 Sanction

Sanction to Vice. No! they are commonly the Attendants on Wealth and Power; for every Vice carries a greater Malignity with it, in Proportion to the Rank and Quality of the Person who commits it. Vice bears a tyrannic Sway over the Heart of Man! and attired in the Garb of Virtue, smiles at the horrid Devastation she has made!

O Man! prone to Vice and Folly! how has my Heart bled for your Distresses! How has my Heart been anxious for your Happiness, even as a careful Mother for her darling Child! But Crimes of the blackest Dye, have for ever banished me from among you! How different from the golden Age! when——

——— *Void of Care and Crime,
The soft Creation slept away their Time.
The teeming Earth, yet guiltless of the Plow,
And unprovok'd, did fruitful Stores allow.
Content with Food, which Nature freely bred,
On Wildings, and on Strawberries they fed:
Cornels and Bramble-berries, gave the rest,
And falling Acorns, furnished out the Feast.*

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*The Flow'rs unsown, in Fields and Meadows reign'd;
And Western Winds, immortal Spring maintain'd.*

DRYDEN.

These Groves! these shady Groves and
purling Streams! fit Haunt for Gods! were
once my supreme Delight!—Here have I
spent many blissful Hours, in Company
with *Innocence* and *Virtue*!—Celestial Com-
panions!—Companions for the Gods above!
—but now, alas!—

*No Rights of Hospitality remain,
The Guest by him who harboured him, is slain.
The Son-in-law pursues the Father's Life;
The Wife her Husband murders, he the Wife:
The Stepdame Poison for the Son prepares,
The Son enquires into his Father's Years;
Faith flies, and Piety in Exile mourns,
And Justice, here oppress'd,—to Heav'n returns.*

DRYDEN.

Oh! my Son! would but Men return to
Innocence! with what Joy would I leave the
delightful Mansions of unclouded Æther, to
solace myself on Earth! this charming Spot,
where Nature combines to render her Sweets
inviting, would be to me a delightful Re-
treat!

treat! Where'er I tread, the Earth yields
a flow'ry Tribute, and deck'd with all
the gaudy Beauties of the Spring, whose
enchanting Fragrance delights the Soul!—

But alas! the World will not hear In-
struction, for Men swim headlong down
the Stream of Vanity and Pleasure, and
my Admonitions, how gentle soever, are
thrown away upon them!—Love, conti-
nued the Goddess, or a Term of a more
harsh Nature, has a powerful Influence
over the Minds of the dissolute Inhabitants
of this Island.

Come my beloved Son! cried the divine
Astræa, with a Smile of Benignity in her
Countenance, thou, who alone art found
worthy by thy superior Virtue, to partake
of Privileges, which are concealed from
the human Race!—I bowed with respectful
Reverence, and prepared to follow my
celestial Guide.

The Goddess then touched me with a
sacred Wand, which she held in her Right-
hand, when methought I instantly became

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a new Creature; my old wrinkled Skin
and hoary Locks disappeared, and Youth
and Vigour bloom'd upon my Counte-
nance.

*The Down of Manhood on my Face appears,
And blooming Beauty grac'd my youthful Years.*

A Pair of purple Wings sprung from my
Shoulders, and we flew through the Air,
swift as exploded Lightning from the Skies!

Z



ESSAY XXVIII.

Fæmina, Vir, Neutrum. PUL. in Hermoph.

*So have I seen, on some bright Summer's Day,
A Calf of Genius, debonnair, and gay,
Dance on the Bank, as if inspir'd by Fame,
Fond of the pretty Fellow in the Stream.* YOUNG.

I WAS last Week invited to the House
of an intimate Acquaintance, who is
exceeding fond of the Diversion of Dan-
cing, and as his Birth-day was always kept,
he invited a few of his Friends that Even-
ing to a little snug Dance.

While

While the Tea was handing round, we were interrupted by a loud Rap at the Door; the Servant gave Notice of the Arrival of more Company, and immediately entered a very agreeable young Lady, led in, I was going to say, by one of her own Sex, but as they approached nearer; (for I have the Misfortune to be near-sighted) I observed it was a young Gentleman, whose Dress and Appearance spoke him one of those, who are called *Male Misses*; his Button-hole was ornamented with a most enormous *Nosegay* of *artificial Flowers*, composed of Roses, Jessamine, and blowing Myrtle; and his Complexion had the Appearance of being as artificial as his *Nosegay*. His Conversation was as ridiculous as his Dress, nor did it in the least bely the rest of his Behaviour; he laughed at the merest Trifle, only to shew the Whiteness of his Teeth.

*See Tityrus, with Merriment possesst,
Is burst with Laughter ere he hears the Jest;
What need he stay? for when the Joke is o'er
His Teeth will be no whiter than before.
Is there of these, ye Fair! so great a Dearth,
That you need purchase Monkeys for your Mirth!*

His *Minuet* was so highly ridiculous, that the whole Company was exceedingly diverted, nor could their good Manners restrain them from the Appearance of Rudeness by laughing at him; when he had handed the Lady to her Seat, he ran to the *Looking-Glass*, admired his Person, adjusted his Nosegay, and set every Article of his Dress in proper Order.

We were all curious to know who this finical young Gentleman was; but we were not so happy then as to have our Curiosity satisfied, for the Gentleman at whose House we were, was entirely unacquainted with him, being introduced by the young Lady who came with him, at her Desire, and indeed, as my Friend informed us, at her particular Request. As for the Lady herself, she was so extremely mortified at seeing her Partner the Ridicule of the whole Company, (and being provoked, I make no doubt, that they did not behold the pretty Creature with the same Eyes that she did; for if one may judge by outward Behaviour, she thought him a pretty smart Fellow) that she

she absolutely refused, notwithstanding our most earnest Entreaties, to inform us who the young Gentleman was. But before we left off Dancing, we had the Satisfaction to find out who he was, by the Entrance of a young Gentleman who formerly had been his School-fellow; he informed us that he was a Brother of the Quill, that his Name was *Malchinus*, and that his Friends had placed him as a Clerk to a Lawyer in the *Temple*: The Sight of *Land* to the wearied *Mariner*; or the News of a *Reprieve* to a dying Man, could not be more welcome, than this News was to us.

The young Lady and her Partner seem'd exceedingly disconcerted at our Knowledge, nor did they scarce open their Lips for the Remainder of the Night. I could not help being concerned for a young Fellow, who seemed in every other Respect to be, as the World goes, a sensible Man; to see, I say, one of the Lords of the Creation, do every Thing in his Power, by the Absurdity of his Behaviour, to render himself the Ridicule of Mankind in general. A Woman of Sense will never love a Man
the

the better for encroaching on any Article of Dress that more properly belongs to her; or by any studied Airs, or Affectation in their Behaviour: Neatness and Decency in their Apparel, is what the Ladies most esteem, and what will always render a Man more agreeable than an Appearance of Foppery in his Dress and Behaviour; nor is Sense and Wisdom a necessary Appendix to a Lace Coat, a Hat, and a Feather; but rather the contrary, for it is an old and approved Maxim, that when any Man appears ridiculous in his Dress, it is a convincing Argument that he wants Sense.

It is equally as absurd to see our Women affect the Airs of Amazons; and as our Men dwindle into Effeminacy, so on the contrary do our Ladies, in return, assume the haughty Stride and masculine Behaviour of the Men. I leave it to the Opinion of the World, Whether it is not as frightful to see a Man in his Dress, Behaviour and Conversation, assume the Airs of a fine Lady, as to see a Lady swear, drink,

drink, and act in every respect like a profess'd Libertine.

*Thalestris triumphs in a Manly Mien,
Loud is her Accent, and her Phrase obscene!*

I shall conclude this Paper with a Quotation which is applicable to my present Occasion from the inimitable Dr. Young.

*The Sylvan Race our active Nymphs pursue,
Man is not all the Game they have in view:
In Woods and Fields their Glory they compleat,
There Master Betty leaps a five-barr'd Gate;
While fair Miss Charles to Toilets is confin'd,
Nor rashly tempts the barbarous Sun and Wind.*

*Some Nymphs affect a more heroic Breed,
And vault from Hunters to the manag'd Steed;
Command his Prancings, with a warlike Air,
And Angelo completes the martial Fair.
More than one Steed must Delia's Empire feel,
Who sits triumphant o'er the flying Wheel;
And as she guides it thro' the admiring Throng,
With what an Air she smacks the silken Thong?
Graceful as John, she moderates the Reins,
And whistles sweet, her diuretic Strains.*

*Sesostris like, such Charioteers as these
May drive six harness Monarchs, if they please.
They drive, row, run, with Love of Glory smit,
Leap, swim, shoot-flying, and pronounce on Wit.*

Z

ESSAY



E S S A Y XXIX.

Nemo malus felix.

Juv.

INGRATITUDE! thou worst of human Vices! thou Growth of every Clime! *Pandora's* Box, teeming with hell-born Mischiefs, did not contain one half so black! *Xenophon* says, that the *Persians* were the only Nation who punished the Vice of Ingratitude; for whoever was capable of forgetting a Benefit, was look'd upon as an Enemy to Society. The Man who begins his Career of Vice with Ingratitude, seldom stops short, till he has run over the whole black Catalogue; for when once we are given over to our own Passions, we immediately commence unhappy.

I am led into these Reflections by the following Story, with which I shall conclude this Paper.

*The History of the Marquis de MIRANDOR
and EUDOCIA.*

THE Marquis de *Mirandor* was a younger Brother, when he married the beautiful

beautiful *Eudocia*. She was the Widow of a Person of Distinction, who had left her in the Possession of a large Fortune; she was deserving of a better Husband, but Love, which makes the most sensible People commit great Errors, determined the amiable *Eudocia* to unite herself to a Man of the basest Principles.

This Marriage put his Affairs in good Order, for with part of her Fortune he paid his Debts, and instead of reclaiming him, made him launch out into greater Extravagancies. *Mirandor* was extremely intimate with a young Gentleman whom I shall call by the Name of *Evander*; he had a great Value and Esteem for the Marquis, and had lent him at different Times, considerable Sums of Money, for he was never out of a Gaming-house.

Eudocia began now to repent her Marriage with a Man of such a Character; one who treated her with the utmost Contempt. *Evander* sincerely pitied the ill Usage which the lovely *Eudocia* was doom'd to bear, and was charm'd with her prudent Behaviour:

Behaviour: Pity soon ripen'd into Love, which though she perceived, she never gave him the least Encouragement. In the mean Time the Marquis de *Mirandor* lost a considerable Sum at Play; he was at a great Loss how to pay this Debt of Honour, not having Courage to ask it of his Friend.

Evander, however, imagining the Cause of his Discontent, offered him whatever Sums he had occasion for, and gave him Notes to the Value of a Thousand Pounds, which was infinitely more than he was indebted for. After he had paid his Debts of Honour, he took a Mistress into keeping, to whom he was so bigotted, that he, through her Persuasions, robbed the lovely *Eudocia* of all her Jewels, to present to her.

Evander perceiving that *Eudocia* resented this Behaviour of the Marquis, thought it was the best Opportunity to declare his own Passion; but she soon gave him to understand, that he was mistaken if he thought any Behaviour of the Marquis, how gross soever, could make her deviate from the Rules of Honour and Virtue; she

she insisted, if he had any Regard for her Peace of Mind, never to mention it any more.

The Marquis had long observed the Regard which *Evander* had for *Eudocia*, and suspecting that they were too familiar with each other, was determined to get rid of him; for being conscious of the many Obligations he lay under to him, he was ashamed to look him in the Face: For this Purpose he employed a Fellow who frequented the Gaming Table, a Wretch who, for the Sake of Gold, would be guilty of the blackest Crimes. This Man, when *Evander* was returning home at a late Hour, first stabbed him, and then rifled his Pockets, that it might appear as if it had been done by a Street-Robber. The Watch found him in this Condition, but before any Assistance could be procured, the poor unhappy Gentleman had breathed his last.

The Marquis pretended to be under the greatest Anxiety for the Loss of his dear Friend. *Eudocia* shed a few unfeigned Tears for the untimely Fate of *Evander*,
which

which the Marquis perceiving, What, cry'd he, do you weep for your Minion? your Gallant? Do not injure me, cry'd she, (her Eyes at the same Time streaming with Tears at his Cruelty) my Tears have another Cause, they flow for your Cruelty and Indifference!—I have no other concern for his Death, but—that he was—*your Friend*;—but Death demands a Tear, and we must feel for human Woes!—

The Marquis de *Mirandor* some Time after, by the Carelessness of *Eudocia*, who left her Keys in her Cabinet, glad of this Opportunity to examine its Contents, he flew to it with the utmost Rapidity, in Hopes of finding some Letters from *Evan-der* to confirm his Suspicions; but his Search was fruitless, for he only found one, which was dated the Day before his Murder, complaining of her Cruelty, which had thrown him into Despair.

The Marquis began now to feel all the Horrors of a wounded Conscience; his Friend who had always with a liberal Hand supplied

supplied his Necessities, he had caused to be murdered: his Imagination was tortured with ghastly Phantoms!—Sleep was an utter Stranger to his Eyelids! his never-failing Conscience rung the Alarm, and was continually upbraiding him for his Cruelty and Ingratitude to the lovely and innocent *Eudocia*.

The Wretch, whom he had suborned to murder *Evander*, died some Years after; he lives now upon tolerable Terms with *Eudocia*; but Conscience, that faithful Monitor! which neither Power nor Riches have the Faculty to subdue, is continually tormenting him.

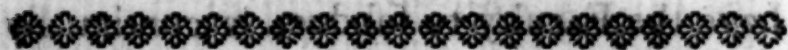
Thus Vice, though attended with Wealth and Titles, have no Power over the Mind, that free and unconfin'd Being, which neither Time nor Place can have the least Dominion over; and though to the World the Hypocrite appears fair and unblemish'd, yet he is corrupt and abominable; and under those gaudy Trappings, and that circle of Honour, appears the collusive Statesman!—the treacherous and ungrateful

Friend! — the bad Husband! — the inhuman Father! — and to sum up all, the consummate Villain! — for the Man who has denied his God, for he is an Atheist and Freethinker, can never be true to his King, his Country, or his Friends! —

*He has profan'd the sacred Name of Friend,
And worn it into Vileness.*

*With how secure a Brow, and specious Form
He gilds the secret Villain! Sure that Face
Was meant for Honesty: but Heav'n mismatch'd it,
And furnish'd Treason out with Nature's Pomp,
To make its Work more easy.*

A



ESSAY XXX.

*Oh! that I had my Innocence again,
My untouch'd Honour! but I wish in vain:
The Fleece, that has been by the Dyer stain'd,
Never again its native Whiteness gain'd.* WALL.

The History of THEODOSIUS and ELVIRA.

THEODOSIUS was descended from an antient and noble Family, who for many Ages have preserved an unblemished

blemished Reputation. When he was very young, he became acquainted with the agreeable *Elvira*: Her Father had a Place under the Government, upon which he lived very genteely; and as *Elvira* was his only Child, she was expected to have a handsome Fortune.

Theodosius was very intimate in the Family, and by Degrees became a Lover of *Elvira*: She was a very smart, lively, black Woman, infinitely agreeable in her Person, very discreet, and had a great Share of good Sense: She loved the amiable *Theodosius*, though she disguised it under the Name of Friendship; for she could not imagine that a Man of his Quality would ever think upon her for a Wife; and her Pride made her detest the Thoughts of any Thing else: Her Father perceived that *Theodosius* had a great Love for his Daughter, which he was willing to improve, as it greatly flattered his Vanity, for he did not despair of seeing *Elvira* dignified with the Title of a Countess.

Theodosius

Theodosius, who sincerely loved her, and had continually promised her Marriage, one unhappy Day triumphed over her Guard of Honour, and left the poor deluded Maid, nothing for him to ask, nor her to give. Her Grief was beyond Bounds, she rav'd, tore her hair, and swore she was undone; intreated him to marry her, which he promised, nay even swore to do, and imprecated the most horrid Judgments on himself, if ever he failed in his Faith to her.

Their Correspondence continued for some Time, till at length *Elvira* found herself with Child: She informed *Theodosius* of it, with Eyes swimming in Tears, and upon her Knees intreated him to marry her that Instant: He informed her, that it was not in his Power to marry her then, but with repeated Oaths, promised her that he would the first Opportunity; when she grew too big any longer to conceal it, he removed her into the Country, from whence she wrote to her Father to inform him of her
unhappy

unhappy Condition, and to implore his Pardon: The old Gentleman, whose Hopes of his Daughter's Advancement, by her own imprudent Conduct was now entirely at an End, was exasperated beyond Measure, and refused to pardon her; he died some Time after, cursing the wretched *Elvira* with his latest Breath.

At the Time of her Father's Death, *Elvira* lay in of a Son. *Theodosius* was afraid to inform her of this melancholy Affair till after her Recovery, lest it should be prejudicial to her Health; he broke it to her by Degrees; but it had near proved fatal to her, for she fell into strong Convulsions, and it was more than a Month before she was able to leave her Bed, and much longer before she regained her Strength. She looked upon herself as the Cause of her Father's Death by her unhappy Conduct. She still continued to intreat her Lover to do Justice to her, which she now began to fear he never intended; but as she loved him to Excess, she could refuse him nothing; and she found herself a se-

cond Time with Child by the false and perjured *Theodosius*.

As soon as she was delivered of her Burthen, which proved a Daughter, he entirely abandoned her, to visit the noble *Pulcheria*, who was violently in love with him. The poor undone *Elvira* upon first hearing the News fainted away, and was with great Difficulty brought to herself; her Fits continued for several Days, which made her so weak, that she was unable to leave her Chamber; and finding her Diffolution draw near, a few Days before her Death, she wrote the following Letter to *Theodosius*.

The unhappy Elvira, to the most agreeable, but perjured of his—Sex, the lovely Theodosius.

“BEFORE you receive this, my
 “Lord, I shall be no more; the great, the
 “everlasting Judge will soon pronounce
 “my Doom, either to Happiness or to
 “eternal Misery; the latter I have just
 “Reason to fear will be the Lot of the
 “undone *Elvira*!

Let

*Let Wretches, loaded hard with Guilt, as I am,
Bow with the Weight, and groan beneath the Burthen,
Creep with the Remnant of the Strength they've left,
Before the Footstool of the Heav'n they've injur'd.*

OTWAY.

“ Oh! I feel too well, a Father's Curse
“ has some Weight; 'twas my Guilt that
“ brought his hoary Hairs with Sorrow to
“ the Grave! Oh! — *Elvira*! — lost and
“ undone *Elvira*!

“ I need not inform you that this comes
“ from the wretched Maid, whom your
“ Wiles have undone, brought from the
“ Heights of Honour, to racking Infamy!
“ But why should I blame you! — Alas!
“ it was my own unhappy Fate that was
“ the Cause of my Ruin! Oh! my Lord,
“ I forgive your Cruelty to me! I am
“ rightly served for daring to aspire so
“ much above me! my humble State
“ should not have soared so high! — May
“ you be happy with *Pulcheria*, when I'm
“ no more remembered! But, oh! my
“ dear Lord! for still I love you! — love
“ you, in spite of all your Cruelty! —
“ Have pity on the wretched Offspring of

“ a most wretched Mother!—Look on
“ them as your own!—See their little
“ Hands lifted up to you for Succour!—
“ Oh!—let them not pray in vain! You
“ are their only Help; be to them a Father,
“ Mother, and a Friend!—All my Care
“ is now for them, for I am past all mortal
“ Care! I am entering upon that dreadful
“ State, which my Soul shrinks at!

“ Oh *Theodosius*! how miserable has your
“ Love made me!—Your cruel Treatment
“ has deprived me of every Happiness I
“ could have hop’d for here! I might have
“ passed through Life contented, innocent
“ and happy, had not your lovely and too
“ fatal Form robbed me of myself, my
“ Virtue, and my Peace! O for a Draught
“ of *Lethe*! that I might forget thee, my-
“ self, the World, and Loss of Honour!
“ Thou art ever present to my Imagination;
“ that Form that first deceived my Virgin
“ Heart, lives in my Fancy, and when I
“ address myself to Heaven for Pardon,
“ my Thoughts are all employed on—*Theo-*
“ *dosius*! Yet let me not upbraid you as
“ the

“ the Cause ! No ! my dear Lord ! let not
“ one Thought of *Elvira* disturb the Hap-
“ piness of your softer Moments ! Take
“ Care of those helpless Innocents that call
“ you Father ! instruct them early in the
“ Paths of Virtue ; and let them, by your
“ Example, detest the flowery Paths of
“ Vice. This is the last Favour that you
“ can ever bestow on your once lov’d, but
“ now—unhappily detested,

“ *ELVIRA.*”

This Letter was conveyed to *Theodosius*, together with an Account of the Death of this unfortunate young Lady, about ten Days after her writing this Letter. The News of her Death shocked him beyond Measure, but the tender Expressions which the Letter contained, drove him almost to Distraction ; his Conscience every Moment upbraiding him as the Murderer of *Elvira*, his tortured Fancy representing to him the dear deluded Maid in her dying Agonies, parting from Life and every earthly Happiness. In his Intervals he sent for his Children, and embraced them with great

great Tenderness and Affection: He placed them under the Care of one of his most intimate Friends, with a strict Charge to take Care of their Education; he then made his Will, and after leaving them every Thing in his Power, he thought he had nothing further to do with Life, which was become compleatly wretched; he dispatched himself with a Pistol, which he had provided for that Purpose. *Pulcheria*, who was to have been united to him the next Day, was like one distracted; she did not leave her Apartment for several Months, and remained quite inconsolable for his Death.

Z



F I N I S.

great Tenderness and Affection: He placed them under the Care of one of his most intimate Friends, with a strict Charge to take Care of their Education; he then made his Will, and after leaving them every Thing in his Power, he thought he had nothing further to do with Life, which was become completely wearied; he directed himself with a Pistol, which he had provided for that Purpose. Fulda, who was to have been united to him the next Day, was like one distracted; she did not leave her Apartment for several Months, and remained quite inconsolable for his